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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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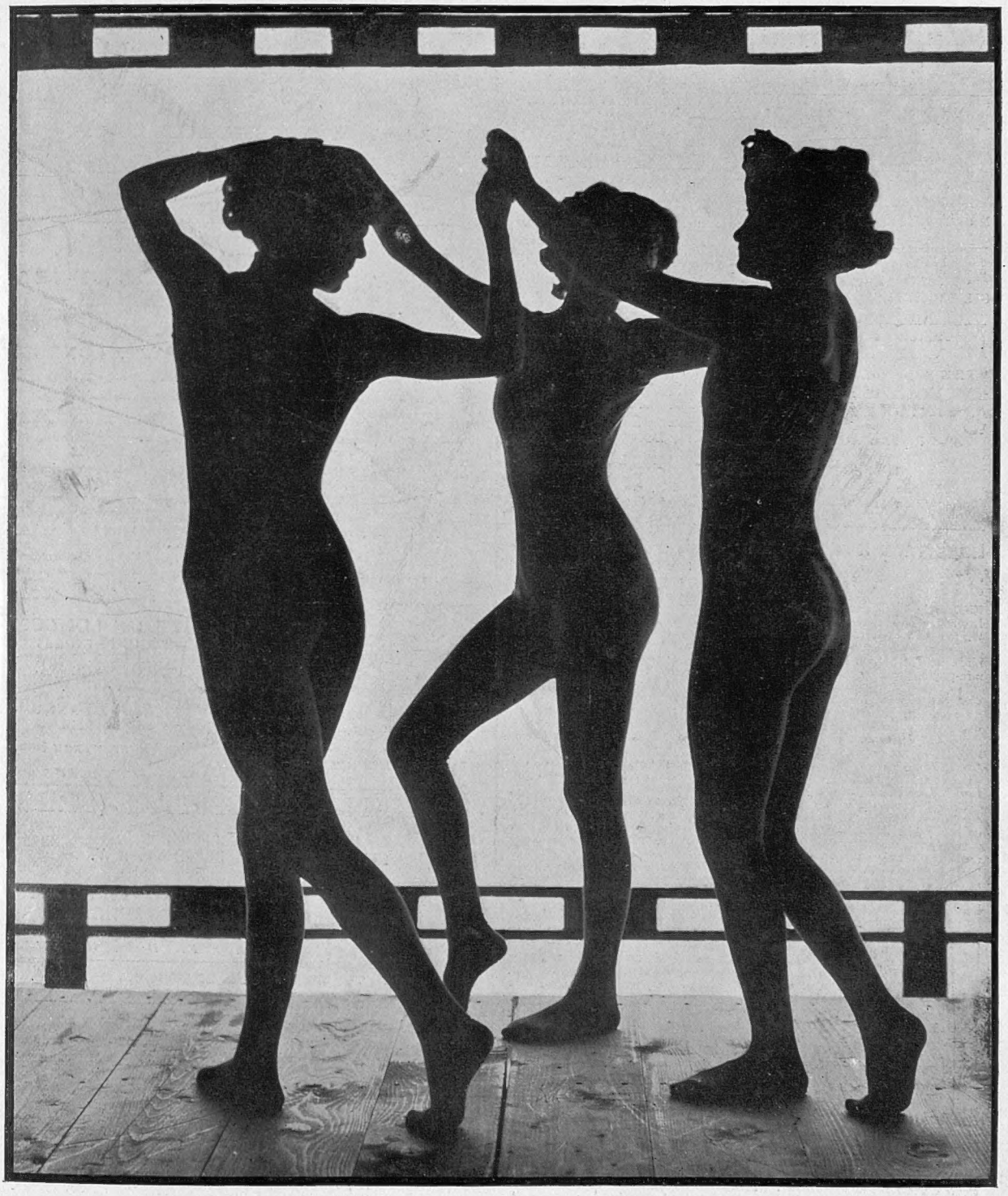

Photograph *Campbell-Gray*

THE NEW MUSE—NUDITY

A Tableau by the Silhouette Dancers at the Hippodrome

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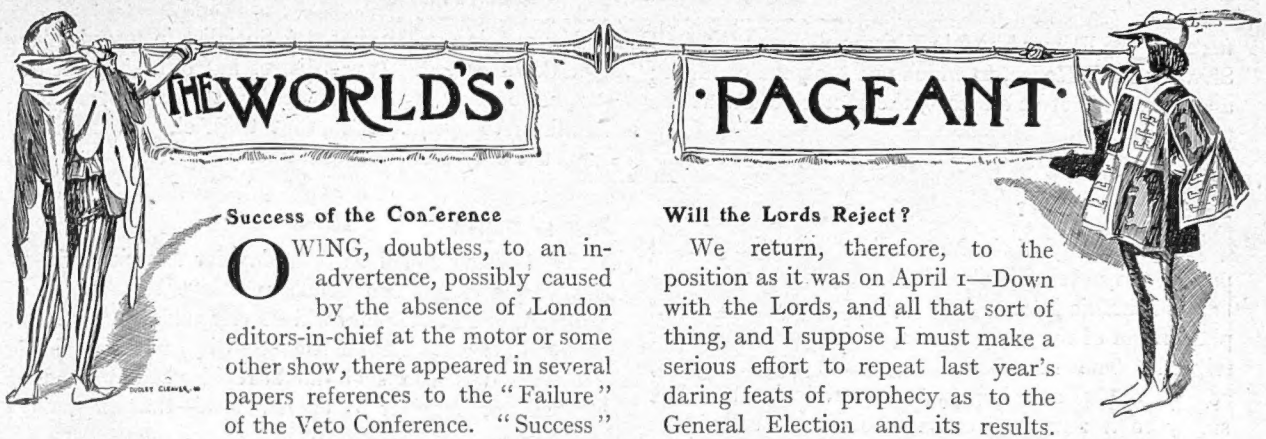


Success of the Conference

OWING, doubtless, to an inadvertence, possibly caused by the absence of London editors-in-chief at the motor or some other show, there appeared in several papers references to the "Failure" of the Veto Conference. "Success" should, of course, have been the word used. The Veto Conference has *succeeded* in the object for which it was formed—*i.e.*, to postpone the General Election. To have held one last summer, and to have embarrassed King George at the outset of his reign, would have been indecent; also most inconvenient—for the Government. Likewise expensive — for both parties. So the Conference was formed.

Enjoyable Meetings

The object of the Eight was to give the impression that they intended to try to settle the Lords question on a non-party basis—otherwise, to square the circle. I learn, on unimpeachable authority, that the meetings were most enjoyable to all concerned, as are all gatherings of politicians when they don't talk politics. For, *of course*, no politics have been talked between the members. A passing allusion, perhaps, to "the Veto, and all that sort of silly rot," or "Home Rule, and that kind of bunkum," may have been allowed as variations on Mr. Balfour's remarks to Mr. George on the merits of the Schenectady putter, or Mr. Birrell's opinion of the Censor's action on Mr. Galsworthy's George IV. play. But absolutely nothing more.

Photograph *Hughes and Mullins*

The Touring Habit: Prince Leopold of Battenberg

Who recently left Tilbury Docks on the ss. *Omrah* for a tour round the world. Quite a number of Princes are globe-trotting at the moment

"Please to Remember"

When the shades of autumn fell, perhaps one of the Eight, anxious to get up North for a speech, blurted out a question about "What the blazes am I to tell 'em about *Us?*" Then, smilingly added, "By the way, isn't it about time we broke up?" Heated discussion, no doubt, ensued, and I have irreproachable authority for stating that the only approach to real controversy that arose was as to whether or not the date of the break-up should be the 5th of November. Mr. Birrell, who loathes weak humour, feared that the newspapers would joke about that day of masks, guys, and bonfires. So they sat a few more days and made it the 10th.

Will the Lords Reject?

We return, therefore, to the position as it was on April 1—Down with the Lords, and all that sort of thing, and I suppose I must make a serious effort to repeat last year's daring feats of prophecy as to the General Election and its results. Here goes, then. First, will there be one? Parliament, dear reader, has now resumed its session. Now, the Election depends on whether the Lords *reject* the Veto Resolutions. I never thought they would do so crude a thing last spring, and I venture to doubt whether they will now. To throw them out with a blunt "No" will bring the thunders of Jove on their coroneted crowns, and that would be a weariness. Instead, there is the probability that the Rosebery element will take some steps. The Lords will show themselves moderate and reasonable, and anxious to do the right thing. Then, there will be another Conference—this time, probably, a real one—and the matter will get settled amicably after all. If the Government acted on the "Off With Their Heads" principle, and refused even to discuss with the Lords the question of their own life or death, the country would go against the Government. The Lords, as one may as well again remind people, are *not* a pack of fools. So it is "Wait and See" again. If, however, there should be an Election, as a result of mere obstinacy on the part of the Lords, then there is little doubt, as I said last week, and as the Conservative Press generally seems to agree, that the Liberals will return with an increased majority.

The Royal Progress

The Court is expected at Windsor next week, and will remain there (or, so they say in the Royal Borough, where the wish is likely father to the thought) for the winter. Queen Alexandra, Queen Maud, and Princess Victoria, with Prince Olaf and Prince Christopher of Greece, will be at Sandringham for some time, and will shortly be joined there by the King of Norway.

The Week's Shows

Then there have been shows, also side-shows innumerable, among them the Motor Show, a most popular

feature ; the Flower Show in Vincent Square ; the Doll Show at Bath House, to which one took the children ; and last, but not at all least, the Picture Show at the Grafton.

To Pass the Time ?

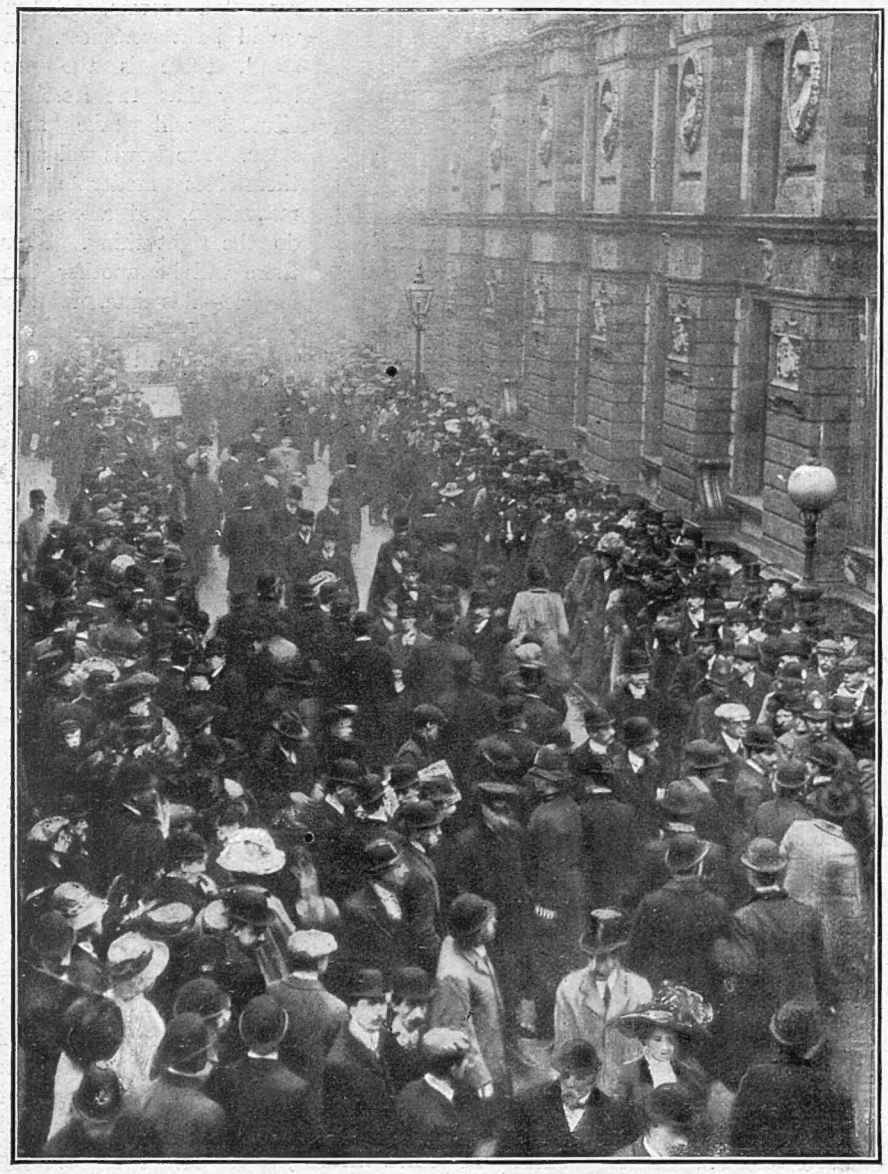
The popularity of the Motor Show with the general public, the vast majority of whom can have but the barest Platonic interest in cars, is one of the amazing phenomena of the moment. Is the interest genuine or feigned ? The interest of the Show to car-owners, actual and anticipatory, is undoubted, but surely to a man or woman who cannot afford the luxury, a motor must be the dullest of possible dull things. To the uninitiated, one car is precisely the same as another, only more so, and the only "live" interest is the childish one of watching some wheels go round somewhere. What is the deduction to be drawn ? Probably the simple one that the London middle-class will go anywhere and do anything provided they are told, in loud enough tones, that other people are doing it. A Socialist in my vicinity was downhearted. It was distressing for his arguments to see so many of the "masses" with half-crowns and shillings to spend. Also, that the rich is, evidently, not the only class that is "idle."

Off to Philadelphia

Lord Fisher sailed on Saturday for America, where his very wealthy son Cecil's marriage to Miss Jane Morgan, of Philadelphia, will shortly take place. Miss Morgan, it may be mentioned, is not ungilded either, and is also such an intrepid yachtswoman—a "master mariner" on her own—that I really can't remember how many times her engagement to that other yachtsman, Sir Thomas Lipton, has been announced—and denounced.

The Connaught Progress

Warm times are telegraphed from South Africa. The Duke is alleged to have been seriously frightened when all the Basuto chiefs burst into cheers of welcome on his approach. The Duchess is suffering from dexteritis as the result of having shaken hands with 2,000 persons between lunch and tea ; and Princess Patricia, having taken with her some half a hundred new hats, has never appeared twice in the same headgear.



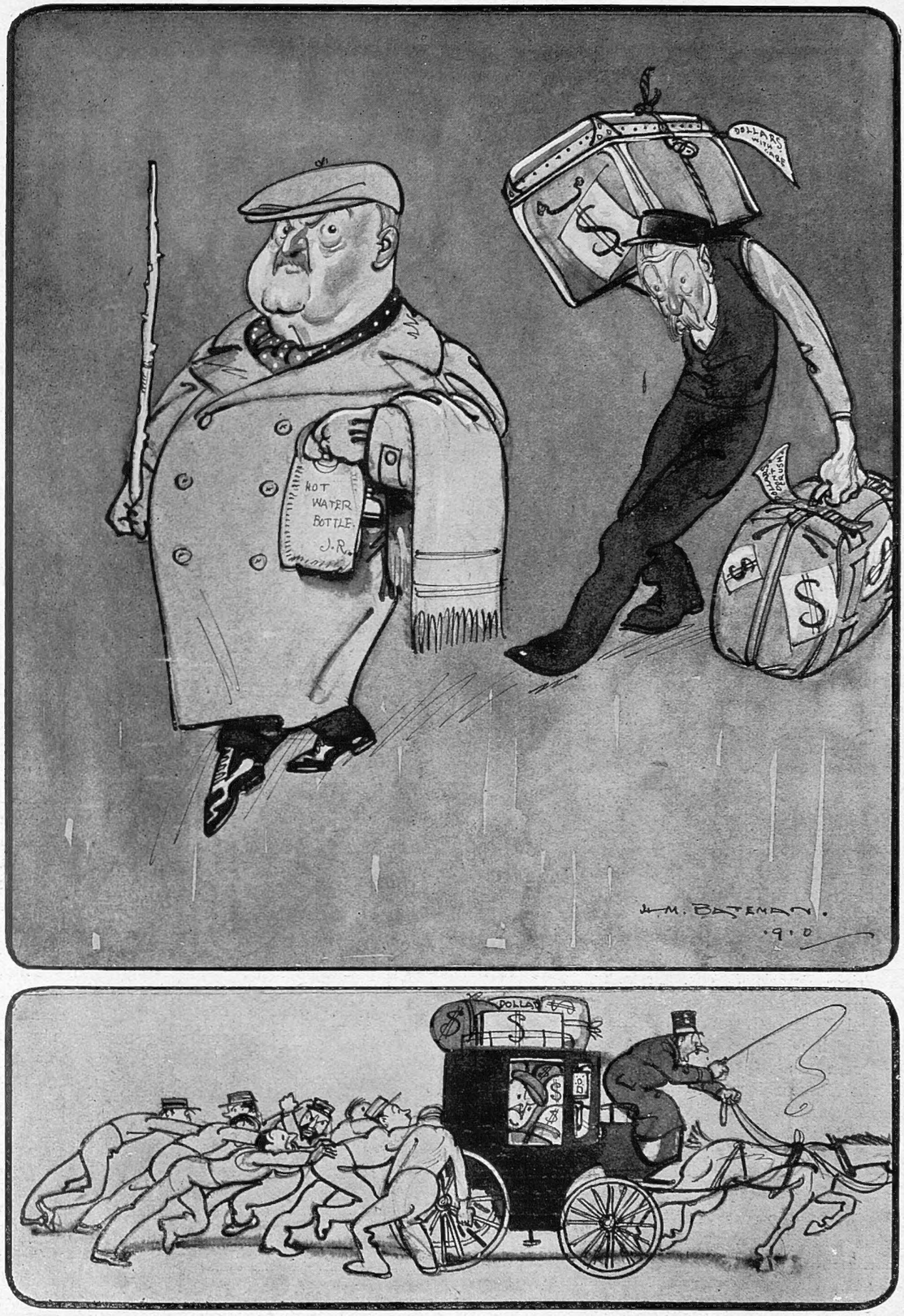
The Birkbeck Bank Scare: The Scene Outside the Bank's Premises in Southampton Buildings

The senseless run on the Birkbeck Bank last week was caused by the unfounded rumour circulated in anonymous letters that the Bank was connected in some way with the Charing Cross Bank, which failed. Happily, there was no need for alarm, depositors being paid in full, and the Bank was extended assistance by the Bank of England

Kind Mr. Redmond

"Kind Mr. Redmond" (writes UNIONIST CANDIDATE) "to land with all those dollars just at the moment when the poor Conservative Press did so badly want a bogey. You, sir, 'the Dictator,' you know, now fill the proud position occupied last year by the Kaiser. Though a week or two ago we were all being told to look on you and your Home Rule schemes as quite reasonable propositions, now you have suddenly become a perfect monster. I haven't had time to get hold of the correct epithets, but I'm going to have another look at my *Observer*, and hope to have them all ready for my meetings by next week. Unless, of course, some new bogey has by then taken your place. To hope that we shall have, in place of bogeys, a sound and intelligible fighting policy to talk about is, of course, to hope for the moon."

The Dictator's Return



Mr. John Redmond, "wisibly swelling" with pride at his present political importance and his money-grubbing achievements in the States, arrives in London with the alleged intention (vide Unionist Press) to smash up the Constitution and destroy the British Empire

BY H. M. BATEMAN

The Royal Mourning

Since the half-mourning order came into force members of the Royal Family have been out and about again, taking part in various social duties and attending charitable functions. Surely no Royal Family have so many calls upon their good nature, for it is no mean task to go about from place to place opening sales of work and meeting more or less the same people over and over again. There is practically no reason now why anybody but members of the Royal Family and the members of the various Royal Households should deem it necessary to wear mourning. Queen Alexandra will, of course, as a widow, do so for at least a couple of years, and the Queen will, it is understood, appear in full mourning until next May for her brother, Prince Francis of Teck. Probably, also, the actual Ladies-in-Waiting and Maids-of-Honour will continue in full mourning as long as the Queen does. Men attached to the Household must also continue to wear black suits and gloves, as they are not affected by the half-mourning order.

Lord Vivian and Mrs. Adrian Rose, whose engagement has just been announced, at the Anglesey Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechase near Beaumaris

Columbia's Prize

During the past three months I have heard for a fact that at least a dozen people have secured Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel's house in Grosvenor Street. Well, now it is definitely settled that Mrs. William Leeds, the American millionaire widow, shall occupy this much-coveted abode. Mrs. Leeds, it may be remembered, hired the *Margareta* from Mr. Anthony Drexel during the Cowes Regatta week. This was the sensation of the meeting, for it was rumoured that she paid about £500 a day for the pleasure of entertaining her friends in the Cowes Roads. Mrs. Leeds and Lady Paget, who have been together on the Continent since last August, are now in Paris.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

Miss Margaret Trefusis

Youngest daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Walter Trefusis, C.B., engaged to Captain Edgar Brassey, 1st Life Guards

The Derby Parties

Derby Races are the attraction for the racing set this week, an it please you. Lord and Lady Harrington may possibly have one or two people staying with them at Elvaston Castle, but neither my lord nor my lady care much for racing, and seldom put in an appearance at these races. Lord Carnarvon, it is expected, will have a bachelor party at Bretby, but the smart racing set will foregather at Byrkley Lodge as the guests of Sir William and Lady Noreen Bass. There will be a tiny party at Shipley, and Sir Peter and Lady Walker will have friends with them for the week, and probably the men of the party will let off many cartridges at the pheasant bird, which multiplies exceedingly in Sir Peter's coverts. There will be no party at Chatsworth or at Rangemore.

Clothes and the Opera

At one time it was always stated that evening dress was indispensable at the opera. It strikes me it would be well if this notice were again stuck up in the *foyer* of the Opera House, and also printed on the tickets. I am also inclined to think it would not be a bad thing if it were also notified what constitutes "evening dress." My male fashion expert bitterly complains of the garments at present worn by men. A few nights ago, he says, a man was seen in the stalls wearing a cloth cap! Close by was another strange individual with a dinner-jacket, double collar, *black tie*, and crimson and black waistcoat. Another was clad in a grey and black brocaded satin waistcoat. An impossible creature near him wore blacked boots with brown uppers. I am sure I feel deeply for everybody concerned, particularly my correspondent.

First Weddings of the Winter

Mrs. H. Armytage Moore
(*Née* Miss Jane Christian Mathieson), who was married on November 10 to Mr. Hugh Armytage Moore, brother to Priscilla, Countess Annesley

Lady Mary Pepys
Sister of the Earl of Cottenham, to be married on November 26, at Brompton Oratory, to Mr. Elias Corbally. One of her ancestors was the famous diarist, Samuel Pepys

Miss Ida Martin
Only daughter of the late Sir Acquin Martin and of Lady Martin, who is engaged to Mr. Ronald Gordon Cruickshank, only surviving son of Mr. David Cruickshank. The wedding takes place on Nov 23.

Photographs *Rita Martin*

Moral for British Statesmen: Don't Rant!

ROOSEVELT DID, AND SEE BELOW WHAT HAPPENED IN CONSEQUENCE

Photograph *Underwood*

MR. JOHN A. DIX, WHO HAS DEFEATED THE ROOSEVELT NOMINEE FOR THE NEW YORK STATE GOVERNORSHIP BY AN ENORMOUS DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY

As a General Election seems to be upon us in England, in which there is the likelihood of whirlwind oratory on either side, it is worth while to note the effect of rant—that is, noisy rhetoric—on our calm and calculating cousins. After a "whirlwind campaign" of several months against bosses, Trusts, and other established powers across the Atlantic, the Roosevelt nominee has been beaten out of the field. Why? Simply because Mr. Roosevelt made New Yorkers *tired*. Woe betide the party leader who does the same for England!

CONCERNING "BLASPHEMY" IN GENERAL

AND THE "RITES OF ELEUSIS" IN PARTICULAR

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

[*The Editor wishes it to be clearly understood that* THE BYSTANDER *does not associate itself in any way with the views of Mr. Crowley. We have offered him the hospitality of our columns to repel the serious charge that the "Rites of Eleusis," now in progress at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, are "orgies" of a blasphemous character, and it is entirely for the public to decide whether or not he succeeds in doing this. Our columns are open for correspondence.*]

Pioneers, O Pioneers!

Whenever it occurs to anyone to cut a new canal of any kind, he will be well advised to look out for trouble. If it be the isthmus of Suez, the simple-minded engineer is apt to imagine that it is only a question of shifting so much sand; but before he can as much as strike the first pickaxe into the earth he finds that he is up against all kinds of interests, social, political, financial, and what-not. The same applies to the digging of canals in the human brain. When Simpson introduced chloroform, he thought it a matter for the physician; and found himself attacked from the pulpit. All his arguments proved useless; and we should probably be without chloroform to-day if some genius had not befriended him by discovering that God caused Adam to fall into a deep sleep before He removed the rib of which Eve was made.

The Abuse of the Gutter

Nowadays a movement has to be very well on the way to success before it is attacked by any responsible people. The first trouble comes from the gutter. Now the language of the gutter consists chiefly of meaningless abuse, and the principal catch-words, coming as they do from the mouths of men who never open them without a profane oath or a foul allusion, are those of blasphemy and immorality. The charge of insanity is frequently added when the new idea is just sufficiently easy to understand a little. There is another reason, too, for these three particular cries; these are the charges which, if proved, can get the person into trouble, and at the same time which are in a sense true of everybody; for they all refer to a more or less arbitrary standard of normality. The old cry of "heresy" has naturally lost much of its force in a country nine-tenths of whose population are admittedly heretics; but immorality and insanity are to-day almost equally meaningless terms. The Censor permits musical comedy and forbids Œdipus Rex; and Mr. Bernard Shaw brands the Censor as immoral for doing so. Most people of the educated classes will probably agree with him.

Insanity and Blasphemy

As for insanity, it is simply a question of finding a Greek or Latin name for any given act. If I open the window, it is on account of claustrophobia; when I shut it again, it is an attack of agarophobia. All the professors tell me that every form of emotion has its root in sex, and describe my fondness for pictures as if it were a peculiarly unnatural type of vice. It is even impossible for an architect to build a church spire without being told that he is reviving the worship of Priapus. Now, the only result of all this is that all these terms of abuse have become entirely meaningless, save as defined by law. There is still some meaning in the term "Forger," as used in general speech; but only because it has not yet occurred to any wiseacre to prove that all his political and religious opponents are forgers. This seems to me a pity. There is, undoubtedly, a forged passage in Tacitus and another in Petronius. Everyone who studies the classics is, therefore, a kind of accomplice in forgery. The charge of blasphemy is in all cases a particularly senseless one. It has been hurled in turn at Socrates, Euripides, Christ, El-Mansur, the Baab, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell.

The Morality Red Herring

Legal blasphemy is, of course, an entirely different thing. In the recent notorious case where an agent of the Rationalist Press Association, Harry Boulter by name, was prosecuted, the question proved to be not a theological one at all. It was really this, "were the neighbours being annoyed?" "was the man's language coarse?" and the Judge and Joseph McCabe agreed that it was. But in modern times no one has ever been prosecuted in any civilised country for stating philosophic propositions, whatever may be their theological implications. We have no longer the Casuists of the Inquisition, who would take the trouble to argue from Bruno's proposition of the immanence of God that, if that were so, the doctrine of the Incarnation was untenable (and therefore he shall be burned). It is only the very narrowest religious sects that trouble to call Herbert Spencer an Atheist. What the man in the street means by Atheist is the militant Atheist, Bradlaugh or Foote; and it is a singular characteristic of the Odium Theologicum that, instead of arguing soberly concerning the proposition, which those worthies put forward, they always try to drag the red herring of morality across the track. Of all the stupid lies that men have ever invented, nothing is much sillier than the lie that one who does not believe in God must be equally a disbeliever in morality. As a matter of fact, in a country which pretends so hard to appear theistic as England, it requires the most astounding moral courage, a positive galaxy of virtues, for a man to stand up and say that he does not believe in God; as Dr. Wace historically remarked, "it ought to be unpleasant for a man to say that he does not believe in Jesus"; and my dislike to Atheism is principally founded on the fact that so many of its exponents are always boring me about ethics. Some priceless idiot, who, I hope, will finish in the British Museum, remarked in a free-thinking paper the other day, that they need not trouble to pull down the churches, "because they will always be so useful for

sane and serious discussion of important ethical problems." Personally, I would rather go back to the times when the preacher preached by the hour-glass.

The Pot and the Kettle

I have always been very amused, too, in this connection of blasphemy by the perusal of Christian Missionary journals, on which I was largely brought up. They are full from cover to cover of the most scandalous falsehoods about heathen gods, and the most senseless insults to them, insults penned by the grossly ignorant of our religious population. It is only in quite recent years that the English public have discovered that Buddha was not a God, and it was not the missionaries that found this out, but scholars of secular attainment. In America, particularly, the most incredible falsehoods are constantly circulated by the Missionary Societies even about the customs of the Hindoos. To read them, one would suppose that every crocodile in India was fed with babies as the first religious duty of every Indian mother; but, of course, it is most terribly wicked for the Hindoo to make fun of the deities of the American. For my part, who have lived half my life in "Christian" countries and half my life in "heathen" countries, I cannot see much to choose between the different religions. Their arguments consist, in the end, of passionate assertion, which is no argument at all.

Religion and Draw-Poker

There is an excellent story—much better known in India than in England—of a missionary, who was explaining to the poor heathen how useless were his gods. "See!" said he, "I insult your idol, he is but of dead stone; he does not avenge himself, or punish me." "I insult your God," replied the Hindoo, "he is invisible; he does not avenge himself, or punish me." "Ah!" said the missionary, "my God will punish you when you die"; and the poor Hindoo could only find the following pitiable answer: "So, when you die, will my idol punish you." It was from America, too, that I obtained the first principle of religion; which is that four to a flush are not as good as one small pair.

Orgies!

Still, I suppose it is useless to contest the popular view that anyone whom any fool chooses to call an Atheist is liable to conduct "orgies." Now, can anyone tell me what orgies are? No? Then I must reach down the Lexicon. Orgia, only used in the plural and connected with Ergon (work), means sacred rites, sacred worship practised by the initiated at the sacred worship of Demeter at Eleusis, and also the rites of Bacchus. It also means any rites, or worship, or sacrifice, or any mysteries without any reference to religion; and Orgiazo means, therefore, to celebrate Orgies, or ceremonies, or to celebrate any sacred rites. It is really a poor comment upon the celebration of sacred rites that the word should have come to mean something entirely different, as it does to-day. For the man in the street Orgie means a wild revel usually accompanied by drunkenness. I think it is almost time that someone took the word Orgie as a Battle Cry, and having shown that the Eucharist is only one kind of orgie to restore the true enthusiasm (which is not of an alcoholic or sexual nature) among the laity; for it is no secret that the falling away of all nations from religion, which only a few blind-worms are fatuous enough to deny, is due to the fact that the fire no longer burns in the sacred lamp. Outside a few monasteries there is hardly any church of any sect whose members really expect anything to happen to them from attending public worship. If a new Saint Paul were to journey to Damascus, the doctor would be called in and his heavenly vision diagnosed as epilepsy. If a new Mahomed came from his cave and announced himself a messenger of God, he would be thought a harmless lunatic. And that is the first stage of a religious propaganda.

The Stations of the Cross

Now the real messenger of God can always be distinguished in a very simple way. He possesses a mysterious force which enables him to persist, heedless of the sneers and laughter of the populace. It then strikes the wiser people that he is dangerous; and they begin on the blasphemy and immorality tack. In the life of our Lord, this will be noticed. In the first place, there was just the contemptuous "he hath a devil," which was the equivalent for our "he's just a crank," but when it was found that this crank had adherents, men of force and eloquence like Peter, to say nothing of financial genius like Judas Iscariot, the cry was quickly changed into wild accusations of blasphemy and allegations of immorality. "He is a friend of publicans and sinners." A sane Government only laughs at these ebullitions; and it is then the task of the Pharisees to prove to the Government that it is to its interest to suppress this dangerous upstart. They may succeed; and though the Government is never for a moment blind to the fact that it is doing an injustice, the new Saviour is crucified. It is this final publicity of crucifixion (for advertisement is just as necessary in one age as another) that secures the full triumph to him whom his enemies fondly suppose to be their victim. Such is human blindness, that the messenger himself, his enemies, and the civil power, all of them do exactly the one thing which will defeat their ends. The messenger would never succeed at all if it were not that he is The Messenger, and it really matters very little what steps he may take to get the message delivered. For all concerned are but pawns in the great game played by infinite wisdom and infinite power.

Orderly, Decorous Ceremonies

It is, therefore, a negligible matter, this abuse, from whatever source it comes. I should waste my time if I were to prove that the rites of Eleusis, as now being performed at Caxton Hall, are orderly, decorous ceremonies. It is true that at times darkness prevails; so it does in some of Wagner's operas and in certain ceremonies of a mystical character which will occur to the minds of a large section of my male readers. There are, moreover, periods of profound silence, and I can quite understand that in such an age of talk as this, that seems a very suspicious circumstance! ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Next week Mr. Aleister Crowley will describe the actual nature of the rites, and will detail the origin of the ceremonies. A very entertaining and interesting article is promised our readers

Humour at the Expense of Progress

Off for the Honeymoon

"Seeing is Believing": A new device is now attached to the telephone which reproduces the face of the person who has asked for you—or your husband

The Bird Man: Only a Question of Time

Trying to Get a Tow Home

The Play of the Cat with the Mouse

OR OF JUSTICE WITH THE MURDERER

A PROTEST. By "DOWNWRITER"

CIVILISATION is a great and glorious thing. But even Civilisation is indebted, for some of its processes, to the methods of the animal world. Take, for instance, the play of the cat with the mouse it intends to kill. How simple, how naïve! And yet is it not the model on which we, in England, base our conduct of Civilisation's highest duty—the administration of Justice? The mouse was, we have been told, a mistake, and the cat was sent to correct it. Civilisation, also, has made her mistakes. Chief among them is the Criminal, and Civilisation, to correct it, has created Justice. The method of correction is in each case identically the same. The prey in either is, prior to destruction, well played with.

In the middle of last summer we discovered that, several months before, a man had murdered his wife and concealed her remains. We let the man escape—not cat-like, confident in our power to capture, but rather dog-like and stupid. We let him go out of carelessness, and he got half across the Atlantic. Sporting instinct rather hoped that the Mistake, having dodged correction so long, would dodge it longer, perhaps much longer. But Justice was jealous of her reputation. Across the Atlantic, comfortably berthed and well-fed, she sent her sleek correctors. Lynx-like they lay in wait, then pounced on their wretched, quivering prey. The man whom everybody knew was to die was handcuffed, his face was concealed in a borrowed sou'-wester, and he was marched to the first stage of the Great Game, the end of which everybody knew must be Death.

Through first one court we dragged him, then another, in each case his pale, wistful face peering over dock-rails, he knowing his guilt, yet hoping against hope that Justice *might* slacken some of its grip and that he might slip through it. Coroner's Court, Police Court, the Old Bailey. Your worship this, your lordship that. Wigs are shaken, books are kissed, quills are scratched, voices quiver, faces blanch, experts examine, counsel alternately beam and bluster, solicitors scheme and mystify, headlines shriek, newsboys yell, readers strain their eyes, gossips gibber, pedants quibble. For weeks and weeks, on it goes, the great game which all know is to end in death. Then, a stop to the first stage of the foolery. The jury hears, and adjourns, and says "Guilty, my lord"—as we all knew months ago they would say. The usher calls for silence. The wretched, wistful Mistake rises to receive Correction's next cut. The black cap; "hanged by the neck till you be dead," "body buried in quicklime within the precincts of the prison," "God have mercy on your soul."

Over? Bless you, not yet! We have hardly begun the Great Game. The man is dragged away, and put all by himself in a cell. For eighteen days he is to sit there and think, think, think! A woman he loves, for whom he has committed the crime, is outside outcast. He may see her once.

Then, an appeal. More shakings of wigs and scratchings of quills. The Mistake is dragged out again for yet another experiment, and as speedily put back again in his cell for another fortnight's solitude. He takes exercise. Where? In a ground *overlooking the cemetery in which his body will lie.* For his "recreation" he is allowed to look on the graves of other Mistakes, the tombstones bearing their initials and dates of hanging. This he has to think over every one of these eighteen days, and the other enlivening variation is the visit of the chaplain to talk to him about his soul—*his* soul, the soul of a Mistake! And then, slowly approaches the black day. On the morning thereof breakfast is served him, and after it enters a man with a rope who ties his hands at the back. Then officials and the Sheriff and the hangman. The march begins to the scaffold, the chaplain reading the burial service *while the man is yet alive.*

But enough. Let me leave it here. You call it Justice. You say it is necessary, this licensed, uncensored performance, under State patronage, by highly paid and gifted human actors, of the Play of the Cat with the Mouse. You say it is right that, because a man has taken a life, as a result of no matter what unnatural influence, under the stress of no matter what morbid psychology or overwrought emotion, therefore the State should take *his* life in cold blood, with all the formalities. Why so? If he offends God by sending an innocent soul to its rest, do we not offend God a thousand times more by sending his soul to eternal damnation? What is the State that it should arrogate to itself the right to take a human life?

Answer that, and then to take your next point—that Capital Punishment is necessary *pour décourager les autres.* If that is so, why does murder continue? Why does the average annual number of capital crimes show no decrease? We continue to produce that Mistake, the Murderer, and the Corrector, the Gallows, does not exterminate him. Is the contrary not as near the truth, viz., that Capital Punishment exercises a morbid fascination, is a sort of dark symbol, as attractive to the diseased mind as the candle is to the moth? The gallows is, perhaps, a lure—an end to which the natural murderer irresistibly aspires. Were the punishment for murder grey, endless penal servitude, loss of liberty and citizenship, would there not be fewer, rather than more, murders? And would not such a reform rid civilisation of one of the greatest reproaches to be levelled against it: that it models its highest function on the methods of lowest animalism—the play of the cat with the mouse?

DOWNWRITER.

Famous Hunts at Home

No. XX.—The Blankney

Blankney Hall, Residence of the Earl of Londesborough, a keen Supporter and former Master of the Blankney Hunt

(Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby)

SINCE 1774 the Blankney has existed, having had during this time a succession of seventeen Masters, whose names are household words. After the third and fourth Lords Monson came such men as Squire Osbaldeston, Mr. Foljambe, Mr. Assheton Smith, Sir Richard Sutton, Lord Henry Bentinck, Viscount Doneraile, and Mr. H. Chaplin. These are names of men who were celebrated in the hunting world, and who did much for sport. In 1871 the country was divided, a line being taken a little below Retford on the west, through Lincoln City to Horncastle on the east. The country on the northern part of this line was still to be known as the Burton, while the southern part was then called the Blankney, after Colonel Chaplin's then home in the country, he being the first Master of the pack from 1871 to 1877.

The pack is kennelled in the pretty little village of Blankney, some eight miles south of Lincoln, and consists of fifty couple of working hounds. In looking over the pack I find the dogs are a nice-looking lot of upstanding hounds, with good necks and shoulders, and a fair amount of bone. In their work they are decidedly good, and show great perseverance, while they have plenty of tongue. I think, on the whole, their work is superior to their looks. The bitches are, if anything, on the small side, but are nice-coloured, level hounds, with good necks and shoulders, and are very quick and handy. Their music is charming, and I can, from my own observation, describe them as a good working pack and great tryers. The Master is now, however, paying special attention to bone and straightness, and is using the Belvoir kennel almost exclusively. Since the Belvoir blood has been used the entry has shown great improvement, and has much more bone and quality. I think Sir R. Filmer and Isaac have done a good deal already, but they have much to contend with, for distemper here is a veritable scourge. However, the kennels now are healthy, the present Master having had them thoroughly redrained.

Sir Robert Filmer, Bt., Master of the Blankney

They were built by Mr. H. Chaplin, and consist of good lodging

Mrs. Arthur Stanley Wilson, Sister of Sir Robert Filmer

rooms and yards, with a capital exercise ground. Though rather on the small side, they are good kennels, and have been greatly improved of late by the work carried out through Lord Londesborough's kindness by his Estate Office. The kennels and hunt stables are leased from Lord Londesborough, and the latter form part of Blankney Hall stables; in fact, some of Sir Robert's horses are kept in the identical boxes which held Bendigo, Hermit, Galopin, and Friars Balsam. They are exceedingly good stables, every hunt horse having a roomy box; but they would, naturally, be greatly improved if lighted by electricity. I am greatly averse to lamps. The horses are above the average stamp for hunt servants, but hunt servants should always be well mounted if they are to do their work properly. The Master's own horses are all of blood stamp and fit to go over any country.

The Blankney country is divided by a ridge, called "The Cliff," running from Lincoln to Leadenham. On the east of this is the Heath, which about 100 years ago was uncultivated, roadless land. It is now a wheat- and barley-growing district, fenced with stone walls and small cock fences. On the west is Wellingore Vale, and again to the west of this is a chain of woodlands, invaluable for entering young hounds, and a great stronghold for foxes. Foxes are, I am glad to say, plentiful, and during this cubbing season, although scent was bad, more cubs have been killed than were even seen last season. Sport last year was very good indeed, though many of the best runs, curiously enough, took place late in the afternoons. Isaac is showing excellent sport (every chance being given him by the Master, who believes in giving hounds plenty of room), and being a fine rider and desperately keen on killing his foxes, he will doubtless account for a good number of brushes. Sir Robert is, I think, to be congratulated on the prospects before him this season from every point of view. The fields, on Saturdays, when the meets are in the Vale, are fairly large, as they are swollen by some of the followers of the Belvoir. The farmers are certainly a very sporting lot in the Blankney country, and, in fact, are the backbone of the hunt, and do their best to preserve foxes. Many of them hunt, are well-mounted, and ride hard.

Sir Robert Filmer, who served in the Grenadier Guards, is the Unionist candidate for Lincoln. Though he lost in a three-cornered fight last election, still I sincerely hope that next time he may be successful, for in him the electors have one who has served his country with credit as a soldier of the late Queen and King. He was in the Soudan Campaign of 1898, and went through the South African War, 1899-1902. He is a Lieutenant in the Reserve of Officers and a Captain in the Royal East Kent Yeomanry. Lincolnshire men always admire a good sportsman, and they could not have a better than the Master of the Blankney.

The Lady Pack at Exercise

Tom Isaac, the Blankney Huntsman

The Pride of Lincolnshire: At Home with the Blankney Hunt

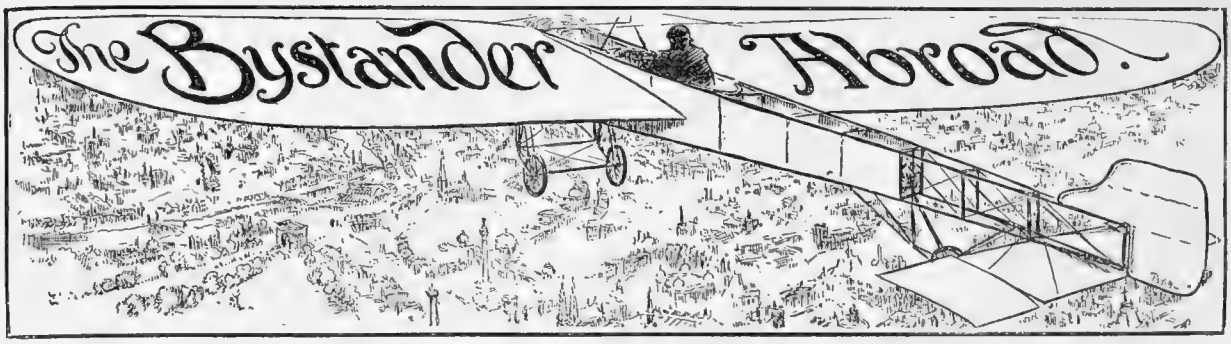
Sir Robert Filmer, Bt. (Master of the Blankney), the Huntsman (T. Isaac), and Whips (H. Land and C. Johnston) with the Dog Pack

Four of This Year's Entries: Cruiser, Craven, Dexter, and Songster

There are forty-eight couple of hounds with the Blankney, tattoed "C.B." in one ear and number in other

How the Terrier is Carried

The terrier is carried by one of the whips, slung over his shoulder in a bag, and is used when Master Reynard runs to earth. He apparently enjoys his bumping up hill and down dale



Russia and Germany

The Tsar's visit to the Kaiser is a much more momentous affair than the casual observer has realised, and the Press which caters for him has not paid half enough attention to it. To understand its importance one must bear in mind that the Tsar and Russia generally are just now highly unpopular in Germany, where the *rapprochement* with England is viewed as having an anti-German character. Since the Bosnian annexation affair, when Germany intervened and placed Austria-Hungary under a debt of gratitude to her, the Russians have not disguised their resentment. Russia had led England to take up a strong attitude on the subject, but when Sir Edward Grey found out that Isvolsky had only told him half the story, and that even Lord Salisbury, as far back as 1878, had regarded the occupation as a practical annexation, he withdrew the strongly antagonistic attitude which he had taken up, and left Russia to deal with the situation alone. Russia then "caved in," and the idea of the conference to deal with the question of the annexation was finally abandoned.

England a Dangerous Friend

Just as Delcassé was made the scapegoat of the affair in Morocco, Germany made Isvolsky the scapegoat in the Bosnian affair, and he is supposed to be in disgrace. In reality, he is in Paris carrying out his own policy. Now the Emperor has been himself to Berlin to bury the hatchet. He was not well received by the Germans, who wish him to feel that he is not quite forgiven for forgetting that Austria is Germany's ally. Here, again, what appears on the surface must not be taken as any sign of undercurrents. For some time back there has been a strong feeling in Russia that England is a compromising ally. The strong anti-German feeling in England has, no doubt, aroused fears in some Russian breasts that England may be leading the Tsar into strange adventures. In France there are many superficial men who have the same fears. But those in Germany, or in France, who attach serious importance to such views badly misunderstand the true state of feeling in both countries.

An Ex-Emperor in an Ex-Kingdom

Abd-el-Aziz, ex-Emperor of Morocco, leaving a church in Lisbon

Greeting a British Envoy in Morocco

Careful inspection of the person of the Hon. Reginald Lister, C.V.O., British Minister in Morocco, by natives of Mazagan, who have, apparently, never seen a white man before

French Uniforms

So the famous red-and-blue uniform of the French soldier has to go. The Minister of War has decreed it, and there is no gainsaying his decision; but the battlefields of the future, as well as the parks and boulevards of the present, will not seem the same without it. The trouble has not been that the clothing of Jean Piou-piou was not sufficiently decorative for latter-day requirements. The facts, indeed, are all the other way. Those gay red trousers, that bright blue tunic, offer all too conspicuous a mark for the far-sighted rifle of the enemy. At the half-mile range there would not be a man remaining upright out of a whole regiment at five minutes' end. The other nations saw the difficulty some while ago, and the Boer and Russo-Japanese wars resulted in substantial contracts being given out for military cloths in "quiet" shades.

Driven Out—After Careful Measurement

PORTUGAL'S HUMILIATING TREATMENT OF THE JESUIT FATHERS

Portuguese and Foreign Jesuits

Leaving Lisbon for Holland

The Fathers of the Society of Jesus, before leaving Portugal, had to submit to the indignity of being measured like criminals for identification purposes should they at any time attempt to return to Portugal

The Expulsion of the Jesuits: Scene at a Railway Station

It means no hostility to the new régime in Portugal (which "The Bystander" regards with friendly eyes) to regret that the authorities thought fit to subject the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who had done such splendid work in providing poor Portuguese youths with practically all the education they ever got, to such treatment as is shown above. Some of the men, who are shown in process of being measured, are among the great scholars of the world

A New Novelist with an Old Method

SOME REFLECTIONS ON "THE BROAD HIGHWAY," BY JEFFERY FARNOL

THE autumn publishing season has welcomed many admirable novels by accepted authors, but really new and original talent seems to make its first appearance in the person of Mr. Jeffery Farnol, whose novel, *The Broad Highway* (Sampson Low: 6*s.*), has just reached me. From the opening page onward, one realises that one has here a genuine literary artist, of poetic power, humour, sense of characterisation. But—before I venture further on the congenial task of reviewing the novel, I have a "but" to get off my chest. It is this—the novel is reminiscent of the Early Victorian school. That is to say, it is discursive and episodic rather than concise. May I, leaving Mr. Farnol for a moment, ask how far it is artistic at the present day to hark back to the manner of the early nineteenth century?

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

Mr. Jeffery Farnol

Author of a first novel of very great promise, *The Broad Highway*, which is reviewed on this page. It harks back, in our critic's opinion, to the Early Victorian manner, which is, or is not, an advantage

THE Early Victorian novel was written in the days when the novel itself was a real luxury, to be made to occupy not the spare hour, but the spare month of the reader. Then, there were no railway journeys to "while away," and on sea voyages one was too occupied with one's own emotions (there were no turbines then) to care a jot about other people's imaginary ones. The novel was a "proposition," to be taken seriously — also serially. The novelists whom we now so obsequiously hail as great, but rarely read, wrote to suit the market. They scribbled, as Mr. Gilbert would say, high, they scribbled low, they also scribbled round about them. This novel was a sort of resurrection pie, into which anything and everything could be thrown. Incidentally, one or two of the great novelists were really great men, and into their novels they worked hundreds of ideas which the modern novelist would write to the papers and get into Parliament about.

ONE thing above all should be impressed on the aspiring writer of to-day, and that is that he should no more take Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, Lever, and the others as models than he shou'd wear Piccadilly weepers and a cravat, or travel to and from his office or club in a Sedan chair. The novelist is asked to "get on" a little more ceremoniously, but just as definitely, as the cab-driver. Dependent on the goodwill of the public for success, he must, like it or no, minister to the public taste, and in novels the public taste demands, above all, conciseness. As bread is something to eat, a novel is something to read, and both are good or not according to digestibility.

IT would be very unfair to describe *The Broad Highway* as indigestible. Indeed, people who like this sort of thing will literally devour it. It is a piece of pure literature, and as such it is unlikely that it will ever be forgotten. But why, oh why, did Mr. Farnol not get to the "'osses" a little more quickly? No one wants to hedge an artist round with Borough Council notice-boards. "No dogs allowed" and "Keep off the grass," admirable in an L.C.C. park, are sheer impertinences in the garden of Art. But if an author is to get a public, and thereby the happy reward which enables him to produce better and better work, he must conform, or appear to conform, to the standard the public wants. *The Broad Highway* is deliciously discursive, but will it be widely read?

MR. FARNOL is most pleasantly impudent. He takes us on his highway and introduces us to many entertaining characters. Every now and then we are treated with a stirring adventure. Then Mr. Farnol, as if tired of the strenuous life, wakes up a tinker, a pedlar, or a wandering piper, and together, on a stile, we chat of the arts, commerce, and philosophy. This is obviously Mr. Farnol's way of life, and, indeed, that of many other men.

For the second half of this almost sensational novel I have nothing but praise. The fights are gorgeous, the love-making is exquisitely delicate, and the march of incident most happily rapid. One is sorry indeed to part company with the story. There are some splendid people in it, and one reads of them with no little pride in the English—and are not the men of Kent the marrow of our manhood? The elusive dialect is reproduced with praiseworthy accuracy.

MR. FARNOL has all the gifts of the great story-teller, and now only needs a little of the equipment of the dramatist. I take particular pleasure in recommending this, his first novel, to attention.

The After-Dinner Speaker Par Excellence

A PORTRAIT STUDY OF A FAMOUS ORATOR AND MAN OF LETTERS

MR. ANTHONY HOPE (HAWKINS)

A camera picture by Hoppé of the famous Ruritanian author who not infrequently smokes a cigarette (as shown), and is, in addition to being a delightful writer, an after-dinner speaker of great value. His impromptus are generally gems. His personality is infectiously buoyant; his good humour imperturbable. He once dumbfounded the American interviewers, on landing in New York, by explaining that he had gone over there for rest! He is the son of an Anglican vicar, and is the nephew of the late Mr. Justice Hawkins

London Nights Entertainments

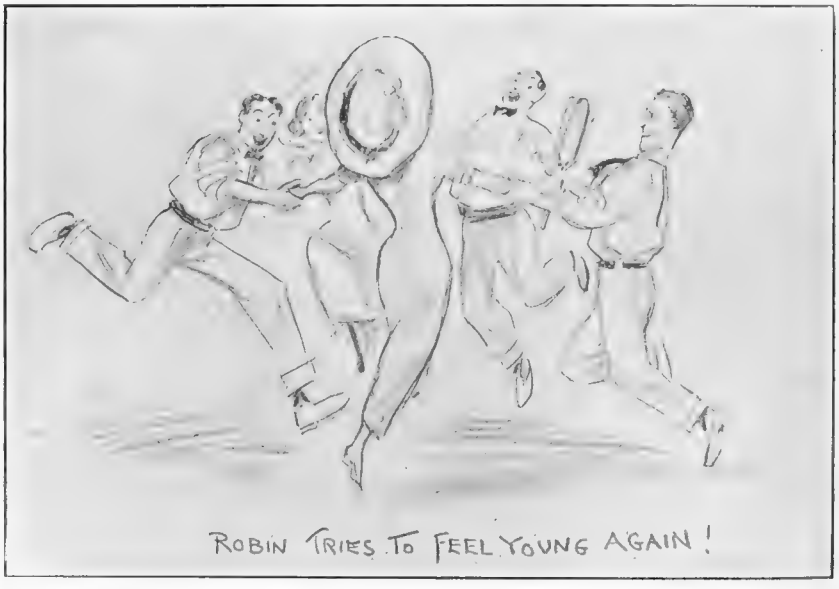
BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"A SINGLE MAN" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

THIS is the story of a middle-aged love affair, and the comedy is of the domestic and "comfortable" kind. Most of the people are very pleasant and very human; indeed, the only exception among the admirably well-drawn characters is that of a husband-hunting lady, who is represented by a rather violent caricature. The "Single Man" is Robin Worthington (Mr. Cyril Maude). He is forty-four, and having observed the happiness of a married brother who is on a visit with his family, Robin decides to get married himself. He naturally looks around among the very young ladies of his acquaintance, because at forty-four a man does not admit that he is otherwise than very young himself. I have special reasons for being positive on this point. On the other hand, the inexorable truth remains that the man of forty-four is not quite so young as he was; and as the young lady with whom he has fallen in love is no more than eighteen, he is brought to notice the fact rather keenly. She is all for tennis, and games, and romps, while he has a fondness for more restful amusements, and is given to insist on the prudence of a few minutes' repose after tea, for the purpose of aiding digestion—a detail which at eighteen we do not worry about. Therefore it soon becomes clear that in his choice of a bride he has made a rather serious mistake.

THE pace of the comedy is set by Louise Parker (Miss Nancy Price). It seems that Robin's sister-in-law had anticipated his thoughts on matrimony, and has gone to the length of inviting to the house an old school-friend, who is the only one of the old circle who has not succeeded in finding a husband. And as Louise is thirty, she is of the right age for a man of Robin's years. The invitation has clearly been coupled with a very direct hint of the part that Louise is to play, for she arrives on the scene with a ready-made simper, prepared to exercise all the arts of fascination she knows. Unhappily, between the time of her start from home and her arrival at the house Robin has become engaged to his girl of eighteen; but Louise is not the lady to let a trifle like that stand in the way of her campaign. At the end of the first act she gives us to understand that this mere girl will have to be brushed aside; and a little later on she begins the attack. She is, as it were, the ambitious spinster at her last ditch. She purrs round the single man at every opportunity, begs his opinion of a sentimental work at a suggestive moment, and calls him away from a party of young people so that he may share her admiration of the sunset. All this is, of course, a little ungraceful, but Miss Nancy Price handles the part with great skill, and contrives to soften the harsher notes very agreeably. It soon becomes clear that Louise is not the person to take an ordinary hint. Her very obvious wooing of Robin goads him at last into being almost uncivil to her, and when he apologises for his seeming rudeness, she fastens on that apology as evidence of a tender feeling on her account. I have never seen such a fierce and relentless attack by a lady on the stronghold of eligible manhood.

ON one occasion the party are going to dine with some neighbours; but Robin, who is quite tired out with the romping of his very youthful *fiancée*, says he will stay at home and dine by himself. Louise at once has a diplomatic headache. She alleges that she is so far from well that she could not think of



"The Single Man" at the Playhouse

A Comfortable Comedy at the Playhouse

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

inflicting herself on the dinner-party, and will remain at home to recover. Robin's sister-in-law, who now recognises her mistake in having invited so aggressive a spinster to the house, tells Louise in very plain terms that she can see through her little game, and that it won't work. Still, Louise is not downhearted. No! Forced to go to the dinner-party, she resolves to leave the festivities a little before the others, and give Robin a last opportunity of declaring his passion for her. She has seen enough to feel satisfied that Robin has decided that a match with a lively girl of eighteen will be impossible, and she therefore assumes that she is the next to be in the running. During the evening, therefore, she comes back to the house, and making a dramatic entry through the garden doors, discovers Robin in the act of hugging his—lady typist!

MUCH as Louise is shocked at the scene, we who have been prepared for it carefully are satisfied that it is all quite correct. The typist, a really charming piece of work by Miss Hilda Trevelyan, has been in Robin's employ for five years, and has become part of his outlook on life. When he announces his forthcoming marriage, the typist looks sad, and says she will be leaving him soon. Robin says that such a suggestion is absurd, and it is then that he begins to realise his error most completely. Still, you can't be expected to keep all your lady employees about you by offering to marry them when they threaten to leave, since this is an alternative which has obviously a very limited scope; but the typist's ultimatum sets Robin thinking of how much she is to him; and she certainly contrasts very favourably in his eyes with the giddy eighteen-year-old girl *fiancée*. The typist is quiet and reposeful, and seems to be just the sort of wife for a man who is old enough to yearn for a reposeful and comfortable existence. Therefore, when he opens his arms so that she may fling herself into them with a happy sob, we are quite prepared to give the engagement our blessing, and Louise can go round the place spreading what scandal she pleases.

AS a matter of fact, when Louise, as a matter of duty, informs the family and friends of what she witnessed on her return, no one will believe her, and when she retorts that perhaps they think she is a liar, the reply comes to the effect that she has interpreted their views with perfect accuracy. Even when Robin comes to break the news to his youthful *fiancée's* mother, the old lady will not take him seriously. She will not believe that he has gone so far as to make love to his typist, and has no doubt of her ability to set the difficulty in order to the satisfaction of all concerned.

THIS part is represented by Miss Florence Haydon in quite her best manner. She is fortunate in having been given nearly all the "good things" in the play; but they could not have been in better hands. Her quiet, dry method of delivery is admirably suited to the sometimes bitterly sarcastic remarks that she makes from time to time. As a plain, old-fashioned English lady she has no sympathy with hysterical spinsters, who, having passed the marriageable age, do not know what is the matter with them—although their mothers do! On another occasion, when Robin is having tea with his *fiancée* and her young friends, a shriek of laughter comes from the table in the corner, and we are told that the joke is that one of the girls has put her thumb accidentally in the dish of jam. When Louise protests that that sort of thing is not a joke for a man of Robin's years to be amused at, the old lady politely begs to differ. She says that she laughed at the joke herself, as she considers the jam incident to be a thoroughly characteristic example of British wit and humour. This gentle home-truth brought out quite a roar of laughter, though I would hazard a guess that some at least of the audience did not know what they were laughing at.

MR. MAUDE has got one of those quiet parts which suit him and his public so well. The character he plays is well drawn, and the sentiment is not at all overdone; while Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, the author, has leavened his story with much that is humorous and a good deal that is witty. JINGLE.

"RICHARD III." AT THE COLISEUM

THOSE who remember Mr. Seymour Hicks's fine acting in such pieces as *Quality Street* and *Sweet and Twenty* have always regretted that he should have lately devoted himself to musical comedy. What are our feelings now that he plunges from the musical-comedy spring-board into the Shakespearean sea? Richard III. is a part that taxed Irving's genius. It is one of the most subtle of all Shakespeare's characters. Mr. Hicks asked too much of himself when he essayed it. As if not content with the handicap of such a difficult *rôle* for his first Shakespearean essay, he must needs compress the play into a music-hall sketch, thus rendering his task even more herculean. The mounting at the Coliseum is magnificent. But why, oh why, that appalling flashlight from the roof? Whenever Mr. Hicks moved (and he does this pretty frequently) that ghastly searchlight moved too, and kept the principal well within the circle of its rays. Such a monstrosity kills all illusion, and is usually reserved for "actor-vocalists" at suburban music-halls.

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

(DULY AUTOGRAPHED BY THEMSELVES)

MISS LILY BRAYTON: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HAROLD H. SMITH

Miss Brayton is now playing the heroine in "Count Hannibal" at the New Theatre

Previous issues containing drawings by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Mr. George Alexander, and Mr. Oscar Asche, and by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifred Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Elsie Spain, Miss Valli Valli, Miss Laura Cowie, Miss Zena Dare, Mr. Henry Ainley, and Mr. Norman McKinnel, may be obtained from the Publisher)

Scenic Railway Golf in the Antipodes

ONE-TREE HILL, AUCKLAND

(Obviously so-called because it has two trees upon it), where an ingenious and highly difficult golf course has been laid out on a series of plateaus, with bunkers of appalling aspect on all sides. When a ball rolls off the fairway, its owner probably realises what a dull time Sisyphus must have had in the infernal regions

Bystander Short Story

The Dream Woman

By Dorothy Greenwood

SO it was over at last—all the rather clumsy fooling. He bent forward, furtively scanning the groups that dotted the big room. Most of the women were flushed and dishevelled, here and there a stray curl loosed from its moorings betrayed a Bond Street origin, only the youngest and freshest of the girls had come creditably through a trying ordeal. They were a big house-party, an enterprising hostess had suggested games, and the thing had degenerated into a mere scramble.

Now Gwendoline Meads was dancing—the famous *pas seul* from "The Duke and the Dressmaker Girl." The latest musical-comedy bride of the season, she remained delightfully unashamed of a somewhat dubious origin, danced with a verve and abandon that threatened, at such close quarters, to become a trifle alarming.

The eyes of the men were glued on her swaying, silk-stockinged limbs—Lady Vereton, a daughter of the parsonage, showed a pardonable frigidity—some of the younger women followed the musical-comedy bride with an envious gaze.

"Bored?" a tired voice at Maxwell's elbow suggested.

"Hardly. I'm wondering. Times have changed these fifteen years, you know. And a couple of months ago I hadn't seen a white woman for three years."

The tired voice murmured a cynical congratulation.

"There's a door—to your left. Leads to one of the conservatories."

Maxwell got up with a word of thanks. He steered a cautious path through the crowded room, wondered, for the hundredth time, why on earth he was there. He had run across Drapier unexpectedly at the club—the club of which he had been a member in his pre-wandering days—accepted impulsively, almost eagerly, the other's sudden invitation.

"Millionaire now, aren't you?" Drapier had asked, with an appreciative smile. "Come down to the Park—put you up for as long as you like."

The juxtaposition of the phrases was quaintly significant. Maxwell hadn't noticed it, though—there was still about him a vein of unspoilt trusting simplicity.

"Hardly that," he'd protested. "But, thanks, I'd like to look you up. I warn you beforehand that I shall probably eat with my knife."

He hadn't done that, but an hour had convinced him he was altogether out of things—could never pick up the old, dropped threads.

Now, his hand on the fastening of the door, he lingered for a backward look. The whole place was insufferably close; the roses, a riot of magnificence an hour before, were already drooping and faded; over everything hung a cloying, vitiated sweetness. He thrust open the door, blinking a little as his eyes met the dimness of the still conservatory.

There came a rustle of skirts, a soft, startled cry, a protesting word.

"Mr. Maxwell! How you frightened me—I didn't know——"

He looked apologetically down at the girl, half hidden from him by a clump of palms. A Miss Waring he fancied it was—a small, demure creature, with velvety eyes. He had taken her into dinner a night or so before and had discovered in her a certain soothing restfulness. Now she looked flurried and discomfited, he could have sworn there was a mist of tears in her dark eyes.

"I'm so awfully sorry—I'd a splitting headache—came in here for quiet. I'll go at once, of course."

"Don't!" She patted the couch beside her with a slim hand. "I'd be thankful to talk to anybody," she explained, unflatteringly.

"You're worried?" he asked in his blunt, Colonial way.

"Hideously! But don't talk about me—I want to get away from myself. Go on with the things you were telling me the other night. I was interested."

He looked down at her consideringly. It was evident that she was verging on a hysterical outburst.

"Life in the wilds?" he asked, humouring her. "But I can't tell it well, you know—I've had all the penny dreadful adventures, without the penny dreadful knack of putting 'em. You know the sort of business—cold and hunger and thirst, fights for life and hair-breadth escapes, and now a little money and a life of comfortable ease for the rest of my days. There's the thing summed up."

"Baldly," she supplemented. "But it wasn't that, you know. Don't you remember—about a girl—and——?"

"You're a witch," he slowly declared. "Do you know that in all these years not a soul's known, and now——"

His eyes were humorous, wondering. It was true enough—he *had* begun that other night to speak of the simple, meagre little story that had been a sealed book for so many years; and now, some compelling magnetism about the girl——

"I left because I'd the decency to care rather more for her than for my worthless self," he said, his tone that of a man half unwilling to speak. "There wasn't a chance for her with me hanging around to spoil everything. She's been married for years—a rich man—a decent chap. That couldn't have been, you see, if I'd—— She—the memory of her—has been everything that's made life possible for me."

"Tell me!" she implored, thrilled with the romance of his confidence, with the sincerity that made his voice earnest, almost tremulous.

"There's so little to tell. Out there, in those parts, a man's got to have something to keep him straight—religion, or—a memory. It's a wretchedly bald little

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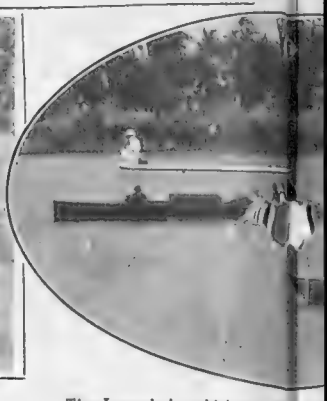
(Continued on page 340)

THE DUKE OF C
VISIT TO TH

A Native Canoe Race on the Zambesi. The River is about 1,600 miles long and drains half a million miles of Territory



The Launch in which the Du visit
Saturday

THE FALLS BRIDGE FROM THE PALM GROVE

Victoria Falls are 900 miles from the sea. They were discovered in 1855 by Dr. Livingstone. The river, which at this point is 1,00 yard
Zambesi the "River of Good Signs." Let us hope that the Duke of Connaught's journey up so

CONNAUGHT'S
HE ZAMBESI

visited Kandahar Island last day

The Railway Station at Livingstone, Rhodesia, where the Duke of Connaught was received last Saturday by a Guard of Honour

VICTORIA FALLS ON THE ZAMBESI

yards broad, drops sheer into a huge fissure in the earth's surface nearly 400 feet deep. It was Vasco da Gama who christened the p so happily-named a waterway is an omen for the happy future of the South African Union

(Continued from page 337)

story—nothing conventional—no cruel relatives or intercepted letters, no portrait pinned up in my log cabin. Only a memory."

Unexpectedly, his voice dropped; for a moment both were silent. Then Maxwell shook himself, broke the stillness with a laugh, hesitating and a little ashamed.

"Don't!" the girl said. "How much I'd like to know if I'd ever met——"

She stopped, eager as only a woman might be, to pin his elusive dream figure to a definite personality. But he only shook his head deliberately.

"It's finished," he said. "Now, mayn't I speak of you, yourself? You're worried—horribly unnerved. Wouldn't it be possible—I mean, is it serious?"

"Serious!" She echoed it with a hysterical catch of the breath. "So serious that I'm half crazy with the hopelessness of it! Bridge debts—mountains of debt!"

He looked eagerly down at her, anxious to speak, finding it absurdly difficult to pick the right words.

"Well, but it's ridiculous to make a tragedy of it! Don't you see—I mean, I'm moderately well off—old enough to be your father. Couldn't you let ——?"

"Oh!" The word was jerked out with an amazing vehemence—the blood raced through those white cheeks of hers. "Offering me money—what on earth have I done to deserve——?"

He had a lightning impression of two flaming eyes staring defiance into his own, of a tempestuous whirl of petticoats, of a quick, departing step.

He sank back, cursing his clumsy, uncouth speech, that sudden fit of sugary sentiment—Drapier, the house, the whole noisy, screeching crowd it held. An idea of following, of somehow appeasing the girl, sent him to the door of the conservatory—the further door that gave directly on the entrance hall. But here he was stopped by a crowd of new arrivals—outside, the sound of a powerful car's still running engines mingled with the clamour of a dozen voices within. Suddenly, from the group approaching him, two figures detached themselves—a slight, graceful woman, wrapped about in a long dust cloak, and, at a respectful distance, a subdued husband—the unobtrusive, inevitable husband with the money bags.

Maxwell's eyes fixed themselves upon the woman's face. It was beautiful enough, but full of a certain delicate disdain; the face of a woman tired, cynical, above all, infinitely disillusioned. A hundred memories, confused, inextricably tangled, crowded in on him, his spirit was far away in some remote dream-place. . . . A voice calling his name brought him abruptly to earth.

"But I didn't know you!" he cried, querulously. "The absurdity of it—that you've been—everything—to me for so many years, and when I saw you I didn't——"

He broke off, scanning her inquisitively, miserably. "You're beautiful as ever, young as ever, and yet so changed."

"Life," she said. Her short, rather hard laugh jarred upon him, forced him to put into words the question that his eyes had already asked a dozen times.

"You're happy?"

She would give him no answer, but that elusive smile of hers—the tired droop of her lips, a faint network about the beautiful eyes told him more certainly.

Later, he was to understand. She had found him in one of the conservatories, days afterwards—in a quiet corner that he had chosen as a refuge from the outer din. Looking keenly at her face, so haggard, so tired, at her strained, bright eyes, he was conscious suddenly of an overwhelming pity.

"You're unhappy," he said—an affirmation, not a question.

"Not so much now that I know you're here." For a second her fingers lightly brushed his own. "Cecil, Cecil, I'm going to tell you horrible things, ugly things! Oh, you don't know how it helps to know there's someone here who'll *do* something. All the others would only talk—heavens, how they'd talk!"

"I'd die for you," he said. There are men who can say this sort of thing. Besides, he meant it.

"Oh—not that!" She looked furtively about her. "Cecil, I'm in trouble—horrible trouble! You know, you must have guessed that we're not well off—perhaps, even, you know we're poor—miserably poor?"

"But you married Sam Waynfleet!" he cried. Sam Waynfleet—an income of five comfortable figures—and poverty! He stared at her aghast.

"Don't you know that in the copper slump—how should you, though, when you've been out of the world for years? We've come down now to raising money on some of the things I've got left—it tides us over—brooches and a necklace or two—they're all going. And, Cecil, this is the awful part—a diamond star, that he—Sam—wanted for you know what—it's gone!"

He was still staring at her stupidly, intently.

"Gone! Stolen?"

She nodded, gulping at something in her throat.

"I'd pinned it into my hair—was just trying an effect—when they came clamouring at my door—crowds of them—a rehearsal for the wretched theatricals. I put the thing hurriedly down on the dressing-table, went out forgetting it. Oh, I oughtn't to have done it, I know, but how could I have guessed?"

"Gone? You mean there's a thief here—in the house?"

"There often is," she said, slowly. "The Raffles business is true enough to life sometimes. Oh, Cecil, Cecil!"

"Drapier—Scotland Yard?"

She swept all that aside with a despairing gesture.

"Oh, don't you see that it's out of the question? The scandal—people like it in other people's houses—find it piquant, but in their own—Drapier has influence; we can't afford——"

Her eyes were imploring him. Already his hand crept furtively towards his breast pocket.

"Eleanor, for heaven's sake! Don't you see that I can—can settle it with your husband in less than a minute?"

"I daren't!" she breathed. "Ah, he might think—but if I can make him believe that I've raised the money myself—to save him trouble, annoyance——"

The tears that had long darkened her eyes slowly gathered, trembled on her lashes. He could bear it no longer—he felt a lump in his own throat that made his voice thick and unsteady.

"It's horrible. I can't stand it. Don't you know that I'd do anything in the world for you, and now all I can do is this! It's so—so banal!"

He scribbled with a fountain pen; it cost him, somehow, a tremendous physical effort to hand her the paper. As he gave it, his eyes were downcast,

(Continued on page 342)

Elegant Irrigation

BRITAIN'S NOTABLE ENGINEERING FEAT ON THE NILE DELTA

Dahabeeahs on the New Canal in the Nile Delta

The New Regulator, Built in Six Months

It will be remembered that the Mehoufieh Regulator, situated at the head of one of the most important canals in the Nile Delta, collapsed in December last. The Regulator formed an integral part of the series of buildings known as the Delta Barrage, and regulated the supply of water during both summer and flood to the large and important district of the middle Delta. For this reason it was essential that the structure should be replaced before the rise of the Nile in August, if at all possible. It was impossible to reconstruct the Regulator on the old site. Consequently a diversion of the Canal of about half a mile in length was entailed. The new site, situated in the gardens lying between the fallen Regulator and the Rosetta Barrage, was cleared of its heavy timber, and excavation was begun on January 20. The final stone was laid on July 30

(Continued from page 340)

ashamed. She took it, furtively glanced at it, and a trembling sigh broke from her lips.

She had left him, and he hurried from the conservatory, flying for relief to the dark, silent garden, pacing its endless gravelled paths like a man pursued by a relentless dream. He had been there five minutes — hours — how could he have told? The ugliness, the sordidness of it was like a hand gripping at his heart. Eleanor reduced to this — Eleanor, with those tears in her dear eyes, that lump at her throat — Eleanor, pleading, miserable, afraid!

And the husband—the miserable little worm of a husband who could thus degrade such a woman? He muttered ugly things—stopped, incredulous, as the night echoes lightly flung them back to him. Yet—not his own words. There were voices near, excited, tremulous. A quick glance showed him the sheen of a white gown in one of the arbours beyond the trees. He hurried on, then something stopped him, held him transfixed.

"From Sam?" Tom Shelton's voice that—drawling, artificial, but now infused with a certain agitation.

"You fool! Do you imagine he hasn't begun to suspect already? Have you ever reckoned up how much——?"

It was Eleanor . . . . he could never have mistaken, but Eleanor . . . . here?

"The Colonial Johnny—the chap you used to——?"

"Yes." A faint laugh carried across to him, sent him a first ugly, jarring suspicion. "Oh, it wasn't easy. He's a pious person—with principles. In the end I had to pitch rather a tale. Oh, it wouldn't have deceived a child, but it answered—with him. Don't be afraid he'll blab."

The other voice murmured something appreciative. "And you mean to say you got the thousand?"

"Every farthing of it!" In the stillness of the quiet night each word carried to him with a dreadful, vibrating clearness.

"Jove!" There came a long-drawn intake of the breath. "It's beastly to take it from you."

"Don't! Is there anything—anything in the world I wouldn't do?" The question was a half-sob. "And you care—you swear to me that you care . . . Somehow, I've thought . . . lately . . . you've seemed cooler. Now you know—I've shown you what I'd do. He's a boor—a stupid, clumsy boor; but he believes in me, trusts me, and to deceive him—— But what's the use of such a man if not for that? You still care, Tom—you must! I'd die if I lost. . ."

The words were full of a passionate, tigerish appeal, ugly to listen to. Eleanor there in the arbour, Eleanor—Sam Waynfleet's wife—there with her lover—the man for whom she had lied, stolen, betrayed!

He turned away, making for the house with a quick, running step. He was swaying like a drunken man; in the doorway he lurched against a slight figure—the girl of the conservatory, the girl who had bridge debts and velvety brown eyes. He would have passed on, but her little expostulating cry stopped him.

"After all, you didn't ask for money," he said, and laughed. Not a pretty laugh. At sound of it the girl shrank back, suddenly afraid.

. . . . . .

Afterwards—well, most people know the afterwards. Some of those incidents he crowded into the last two years made sensational newspaper copy, and his end was neat in its dramatic finish. One or two men of his club wondered—they remembered him, you see, in his days of clean living and decent ideals. Drapier was good enough to furnish an explanation.

"Gold mine—money suddenly—always does for 'em." His own comfortable income, derived from a patent pill, had produced no such disastrous effects. He leant back ruminating, his eyes on the ascending spirals of greyish smoke. "But dead drunk in Piccadilly at eleven o'clock in the morning——." He shook his head. There seemed no more to say.

DOROTHY GREENWOOD.

Crossing the River at Cambridge: The "Grind," at the "Pike and Eel"

There are a number of these floating bridges, or ferries (locally known as "grinds"), at various points on the river at Cambridge. They derive their name from the method by which they are propelled, for the ferryman, as shown in our illustration, turns, or "grinds," the wheel which operates the chain. The "Pike and Eel" is a riverside inn, and the "grind" at the "Pike and Eel" was formerly—and is still sometimes—known as "Charon's Ferry." It is a favourite crossing-place for rowing men when racing is going on

THE SAVOY EXTENSION

A WORLD RECORD. By GEO. R. SIMS

THE genii and magicians who accomplished the marvels of "The Arabian Nights" are not popularly supposed to exercise their art on the Thames Embankment between Waterloo Bridge and Westminster. But here, in the heart of modern London, the fairy-tales of science have been rivalled by a fairy-tale of wonderwork, and deft and diligent human hands have accomplished a task for which the story-tellers of old would have invoked supernatural agency.

ALADDIN AND CO., LTD.

The directors of the Savoy Hotel have, in a few weeks, carried out with the most complete success an undertaking which gives them the undoubted right to register themselves in the Golden Book of Progress as the Aladdin and Co., Ltd., of the Twentieth Century.

The remarkable building feat which has been accomplished by the architects, Messrs. Colcutt and Hamp, the general contractors, Messrs. Leslie and Co., the directors, and the vast army of workers who have laboured incessantly day and night to complete, in the shortest time on record, an undertaking which seemed absolutely impossible, is a tale to be told.

It is a stirring story, not only of the dawn of a new era in the building art and industry, but it is also a stirring story of British enterprise carried to a triumphant issue by British capital and British brains, with British skill and British work.

* * *

THE GREAT SCHEME

The directors of the Savoy had determined that the whole river front of the hotel should be extended several feet, and that two new storeys should be added; that the areas of all the rooms looking over the Thames should be largely increased, and the window openings arranged so as to offer the most extensive river view possible.

It was a work of enormous magnitude, and there were serious difficulties to be faced in carrying out a daring scheme which involved an outlay of over £100,000.

For reasons which will be apparent to all, it was of the first importance that if the task were undertaken it should be completed in the shortest possible space of time.

The directors consulted with the architects and their general contractors, and then the plan, to which the complete success of the scheme is due, was evolved and definitely decided upon.

Part of Steelwork being Temporarily Erected at Messrs. Handyside's Works, Derby

Messrs. Doulton's Carrara Ware Stored on Vacant Land in Kingsway before Work Commenced

SILENT PREPARATIONS

The gigantic work was to be carried out without the loss of a single moment, or in any way interfering with the amenities of the great hotel, thronged at all times with wealthy, fashionable, and fastidious visitors.

To this end it was necessary that before the army of labour took up its position by the outer walls, the whole of the material to be used should be prepared and ready to be delivered into their hands.

The building material, the extensive and elaborate fittings, every item in the vast scheme of alteration and extension involved in the great river front improvement, was prepared and completed before a single blow of the hammer fell upon the building itself.

RACE AGAINST TIME

Every week the general contractors and the sub-contractors met the architects and reported progress, and all difficulties were

The Building Enveloped by 95,000 feet Run of Scaffold Poles

discussed and settled in order that no firm engaged should, when the start for the great race against time had commenced, be delayed for a moment by the unreadiness of another.

In this way all the contractors concerned came into close association with the architects and directors, and became animated by the one supreme desire to carry out a stupendous task without fault or failure, and to take their share in the renown of the result.

All the workshops were periodically inspected, and as the important materials were finished, they were deposited in a large vacant space in Kingsway, and kept under lock and key.

Every portion of the material that would have to be fitted was conspicuously numbered and made ready to put in its place.

And thus on August 1st, when the great work commenced, everything was in readiness.

LIFTS TRAVEL 17,000 MILES.

It was then that the vast frame of scaffolding, that, with its army of workers, has been one of the sights of London this autumn, was fixed in the shortest time on record.

This scaffolding, 130 feet high, with a frontage of 400 feet, was erected in a quarter of the usual time, and directly it was fixed every platform was loaded with men and material by two large electric lifts and four hoists, and two lifts in the hotel. These lifts and hoists, during the days and nights that they have been ceaselessly in use, have travelled 17,000 miles.

A GIGANTIC TASK

A glance at the figures will enable a layman to recognise the gigantic nature of the task that had been undertaken.

In constructing the gantry, over 5,000 cubic feet of timber and 15 tons of steel were used. The scaffolding consisted of 95,000 feet run of poles, 50,000 feet run of scaffold board, 6,000 feet run of 3 by 9-inch planks, and 10,000 chain ties. In the new building over 800 tons of ironwork were fitted by Messrs. Handyside in twenty days. Six floors of Carrara ware were fitted by Messrs. Doulton in nineteen days. 256,000 stock bricks and 45,000 white glazed bricks; three-quarters of a mile of stone ware flue, 300 tons of Portland cement, and 17,000 yards of Leslie's sound-proof interlocking partitions were used.

THREE MILES OF PIPE

Over three miles of lead and iron piping were fixed by Messrs. Doulton and Messrs. Burn Brothers, in connection with the plumbing and hot and cold water supply, and in order that there should be no delay in fitting, full-size dummy bathrooms — the number of baths in the hotel has been brought up to 244—were constructed at Messrs. Doulton's Lambeth works, showing the position of the steel joists, and the various projections in the rooms.

The hot water supply was installed by Messrs. Burn Brothers, of London and Edinburgh, their latest type of heaters being employed for creating hot water by means of exhaust steam.

The New Façade. Note the Small Windows, which are New Bathrooms

Never before has a plumbing system of this magnitude been carried out under such novel conditions.

HALF A MILLION MOSAIC TILES

Messrs. Burke and Co., the well-known marble merchants, fixed on the walls of the new bathrooms more than half a million vitreous mosaic tiles, weighing over twenty tons, and thirty-six tons of marble tiles on bathroom floors and corridors.

WONDERFUL STEELWORK

The steelwork required in the erection of the front of the building and the new storeys was unusually complicated. In order to get over the difficulties, nineteen large lattice girders nearly 5 feet deep were introduced to span the distance between the outside walls of the building, and had to be so arranged as to clear all projections through which they were threaded. These girders, weighing six tons each, had to be erected at a height of nearly 100 feet.

For lighting the roof during the construction of the new floors, twenty-eight acetylene flare lamps were in use, giving a total of 36,000 candle-power, and for the general lighting of the scaffolding along the river front there were twelve electric flare arc lamps, with a total of 24,000 candle-power. In addition to this, 2,000 electric lamps lit up the gantry and the interior of the building.

25 MILES OF ELECTRIC CABLES

The new electric light installation which has been carried out at the same time has involved the use of nine miles of screwed steel conduit, 3,000 inspection boxes, and twenty-five miles of electric cable.

An improved electric bell system has been installed, in which an enormous amount of material has been used; for instance, 150 miles of wire has been required. The whole of the work in connection with the electric lighting and bell installations has been carried out by Messrs. Higgins and Griffiths, of 21, Orchard Street, Portman Square.

One of the new Bedrooms, with Transition Decoration

To appreciate the enormity of the task of completing this work in twenty days, the time allowed, it has to be borne in mind that the steelwork had to be sent on to the platforms in 4,713 separate pieces, and 8,000 rivets and 4,160 bolts placed in the connections.

To avoid delay, when every moment was of value if the time-limit was not to be passed, the whole of the steelwork was temporarily put together at the contractor's with a most comprehensive system of marking, which insured every piece being quickly identified, and placed in the same position it had occupied when temporarily erected.

THE CARRARA FAÇADE

The façade on the river front is 200 feet long by 80 feet high, and this, in Carrara ware, has been executed by Messrs. Doulton in less than three weeks. No such front in Carrara ware has ever been erected in such a short time in England, or perhaps in the world.

CLEVER STEAM HEATING

The heating system, consisting of 450 radiators, controlled by 1,100 valves, and connected by six miles of pipes requiring 30,000 joints, has been installed by Crittall and Company, of Wardour Street, on their "cable" system of heating by low pressure hot water.

The symphonisers installed in connection with this system are capable of producing 5,000,000 British Thermal units per hour when utilising the exhaust from the electric light engines. Considerable ingenuity has been exercised in concealing the pipes. The heating in each room is so arranged that it can be regulated to suit the exact requirements of the occupant.

BEAUTIFUL NEW ROOMS

At night the more delicate work of artistic decoration, for obvious reasons, ceases, but in the daylight the army of occupation is reinforced by the corps of artists and

One of the new Sitting Rooms, with Adams Decoration by Messrs. P. Turpin and Co.

craftsmen who, while one floor is being raised above them, are devoting themselves to the rooms on the finished floor below. Some are being decorated in the Adams, some in the Louis XVI., and some in the Transition styles, and the artistic work of Mr. Turpin, of Berners Street, has largely contributed to the charming results.

So, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, the mighty task advances towards completion.

THE GOAL REACHED

To-day it is completed.

The victory is won.

Brand new and beautiful, upon the river front, rises a grandly planned exterior of the world-famed Savoy.

"Wake up, England!"

No echo of that warning cry disturbs the precincts of the old Savoy. The new Savoy is a brave and splendid answer to the pessimists' plaint that the old energy of the English has been sapped, that the old vigour and vim have departed from our enterprises and our industries.

Here, in the heart of Britain, the heart that we were told had grown faint, a world record of work has been achieved.

A BRITISH TRIUMPH

Never before, in the world's history, has a building feat of such magnitude, and dealing with such a vast amount of varied material, been accomplished in such a marvellously short space of time.

This huge extension, involving the taking out of the old river front of the hotel and building another, was commenced on August 1, and the new portion of the Savoy was ready for the reception of visitors during the first week of October. And during the whole of that period the business of the hotel was carried out without a moment's interruption.

The proud record of the Savoy is a triumph of organised preparation, perfection of system, and personal enthusiasm.

It is a triumph all the more gratifying to our national pride in that it is a world record made by British labour backed by British capital in the capital of Britain.

ARRIVING FOR SUPPER AT THE SAVOY RESTAURANT

The arrival of guests for supper at the Savoy Restaurant has been described as one of the sights of the world. Night after night the varied and Cosmopolitan assembly presents a brilliant scene which is to be met with in no other capital in Europe. The most important event of the whole year is the New Year's Eve supper, when two thousand guests annually assemble at the Savoy to join hands on the auspicious occasion to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne"

A BYSTANDER IN CANADA

Bathing in the Hot Springs at Banff

IX.—"REGINA": MOUNTED POLICE AT HOME

A NOTICE over a half-built block in Regina caught my eye as I wandered through. It ran:—"These premises will be open by September 15." It was long past September 15, and they were not going to be open for some weeks to come. When they were opened, they would be fine and solid. You could see that. I fancy it is somewhat the same with a lot of the Western towns. Some-day they are, too, going to be fine, but they are not really open yet, though a good deal of business is being done with the roof—so to speak—still off. The usual definition of a line—only reversed—best describes Regina. It has breadth without length. Its streets, which are called avenues, are amazingly wide, but as soon as you start to walk along them, they come to an end—in prairie. Still, it is a pleasant little town, and there is no harm in having plenty of room to spread. Towns do spread out West. Look at Winnipeg. And Regina is not a bit depressed by being small still. On the contrary, it is building on its outskirts some Exhibition buildings—for 1911—which just at present look rather larger than Regina itself. There is enterprise.

I passed these buildings on my way to the Barracks of the famous North-West Mounted Police. It is a two-mile tramp over baked prairie-land, but I was glad to stretch my legs after a day and a night of train. The sun can be very hot on the prairie, and it was very hot that afternoon. Nobody was walking that way except myself, and nobody was even riding. There was a fine dust about too, and I needed brushing as well as pressing before I really attained the Barracks. However, I got there at last, and the courteous welcome of the Second-in-Command caused me to forget that the way had been long, or that anything greatly mattered except to hear about the N.W.M.P. from the officer, who was good enough to show me all round, from the horse-hospital to the prison cells. The latter were the least inviting part of the Barracks, and I decided on the spot that if I committed a crime, I would not select the North-West of Canada for the scene of it.

I doubt if Canada—or England—has anything to be prouder of than the N.W.M.P. Some of their deeds have been told from time to time—that of the mounted policeman, for example, who brought a homicidally disposed maniac down hundreds of miles from the frozen country, saved his charge from frost-bite, and lost his own reason in the process; that of the Corporal who went into the camp where Sitting Bull sat armed, with all his braves about him, and gave him a quarter of an hour to clear over the border . . . but under a hundred less-known acts the same spirit has run—the spirit of the one representative of justice triumphant over incredible odds.

"It's made possible," said my guide, "partly because we have men who regard every capture they're told off to make as a matter of personal honour, partly because people know that if a man commits a crime, we get him in the end. We go on till we do. Sitting Bull knew that if he killed our Corporal, we'd hang him and every man with him. So he went."

All kinds of men are represented in the Mounted Police, but this officer told me that the recruit they liked best to get was "the young man with blood in him" . . . from an English Public School or University—as much as from anywhere . . . fond of riding and shooting and not lost when he is acting alone hundreds of miles from headquarters. The district patrolled, remember, by 500 men, is not much smaller than Europe minus Russia. Wanting that kind of man, the authorities see to it that, in barracks at all events, he is comfortable, and very little in the way of the accommodation for these police could be improved upon.

The most historic part of the Barracks is that window through which Louis Riel stepped out—to drop with the rope round his neck. I was shown it hurriedly . . . It is the capture of their man—not his execution—that is these policemen's pride. Their record shows that almost always they take him alive—with no struggle . . . a strange thing, and one more proof of the reputation the police have built up for themselves. "What is the use of struggling with these men?" seems to be the natural thought in the mind of the pursued . . . and no doubt much bloodshed is saved as a result of it. I learnt a lot of stray Canadian facts that afternoon. I learnt that the immigrants known under the somewhat vague heading of "Galicians" are, at present, the leading toughs, owing to their habit of using their knives at random; that of all districts patrolled by the police, that in the neighbourhood of the North Pole is most sought after by them; that a hundred miles a day is no unusual distance for a policeman to cover; that English stirrups and girths are not thought much of by these horsemen; that the man with the drinking habit is, of all men, the least able to become a Mounted Policeman. R. E. V.

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

Sights and Sites

Have you the sentiment of history? Do you like relics of people not necessarily saints? Are you moved by historic sites and shrines? An answer to these questions is necessary before I heartily recommend *Shadows of Old Paris*, by G. Duval, illustrated by J. Gavin (Francis Griffiths: 12*s.* 6*d.*). When I visit any district or city unknown to me, I prefer to take Baedeker, from whom all my knowledge of art and history is derived. Like the people derided by Mr. Henry James, I make a point of seeing the starred SIGHTS. But I will never visit a mere SITE. There must be a building or a picture, a church or a landscape that can be admired for its own sake, independently of historic association. I have not sufficient imagination to conjure up the past by the aid of sentimental prose. Archæological topography bores me. I like that story of Pope Gregory the Great, when he was asked by some of the faithful from North Europe to give them authentic relics of the Roman martyrs. He stooped down and took up a handful of earth, and as he squeezed it in his hands, blood trickled out; whereby he indicated that the common soil of Rome itself was sufficiently sacred. Then I sympathise with Whistler gazing at the ruins of the Palatine, which he firmly refused to inspect, when he said, "Ruins don't count."

The Shadow of a Title

This is rather a digression, but I will risk boring patient Bystanders by illustrating, with examples, why the *genius loci*, the shadows of any city leave me usually cold. History or archæology is always discovering that we have been venerating the wrong places. St. Philip Neri spent a large part of his life in sitting in the wrong catacomb. The Oxford "Martyrs'" memorial is erected on the wrong spot. The futility of tradition was again brought home to me only recently. Some ten years ago I chanced to be present at the death of Oscar Wilde in Paris. It was in a little hotel in the Latin quarter. Last July I learned that the room had been turned into a show place, and that a franc was charged by the proprietor for seeing it. Out of curiosity I went, and found three Americans and a German at the hotel entrance, sightseers with the same objective. The former *patron* had left. With much ceremony we were invited to sign our names, and pay our entrance money. We were then harangued by the new *patron*, who gave an entirely fantastic and sensational account of the death at which myself, the former proprietor, and a friend were the only persons present. I have nothing to complain of in the narrative. He provided me with a halo, under the weight of which I still totter. I was given the undreamed honour of a title. I had become the "Vicomte de Rosse," a scion of one of the oldest families in Middlesex; but I will skip that. We were then ushered into the WRONG room, and shown the wrong bed, on which *le pauvre poète* breathed his last. It was the best franc's worth I ever had. The German burst into tears, and the Americans told me it was the "bulliest" thing they had seen in Paris. They invested in some false relics, which I shall see I hope, one day in some American museum of "Old Paris."

Prophecy About the Past

You may imagine that I should not be likely to praise without some reason Mr. Duval's *Shadows of Old Paris*. I took it up with a yawn, but I never laid it down till it was finished. With great skill the author manages to keep his background in the background. He tells you of the romantic histories of Paris by-ways and thoroughfares with some of the art and none of the padding of the topographical novel. Of course, in writing about Paris there is a temptation to fall into the Carlyle device of prophesying about the past. As a literary conceit I suppose it is irresistible. Mr. Duval only succumbs occasionally. He is speaking of the Palais Royal. "A sallow Corsican Lieutenant of Artillery, in a shabby uniform, will walk there dreamily envying the flaunting vice which passes him by, unsuspecting that Napoleon lurks waiting the Buonaparte." However, it produces a thrill. The best piece of narrative is Chapter VII., "Notre Dame de Thermidor," which gives the most vivid and concentrated account of the lady who became, among many other things, La Marquise de Fontenay. In the excellent account of the Marquise de Brinvilliers and the seventeenth century poisoners, I think some acknowledgment should have been made to the learned and well-known French work on an obscure side of French history. The collotype and colour illustrations are all attractive. Those which simulate wood blocks are a trifle clumsy. A better book for Christmas reading it would be difficult to find, particularly if you adopt that good old English custom of getting over to Paris at Christmas.

Other People's

Among literary archæologists none is more delightful than Mr. E. V. Lucas. I suppose his anthologies are the most popular there have ever been. Unlike many popular things, they deserve a democratic distinction. *The Second Post* (Methuen and Co.: 5*s.*) is a continuation of *The Gentlest Art*, and is another sheaf of letters from

BUCHANAN'S
Scotch Whisky

YES, SIR! "BLACK & WHITE"

Pliny the Younger down to G. Wells, Junior—the elder little son of Mr. H. G. Wells. "Dear Frank," writes Master Wells, "I hope you will not think me selfish, but I am in such great pain that I think you ought to give me a small present.—Your loving George." And the book is full of other delightful things. Some admirers of Mr. Lucas grudge, however, the time he must give to these anthologies. You feel you have been done out of one of his novels or charming books of essays. There are many letter-writers. Only one E. V. Lucas.

Recent Books

I suppose everyone who reads requires a *History of English Literature* sometimes for reference. An excellent reprint of Collier has been issued by Messrs. Nelson and Sons for 3*s.* 6*d.* It has been brought up or down to date, and includes Mr. Bernard Shaw. I don't quite understand the principle on which the space is allotted to various living writers, or those recently deceased. There is a certain lack of proportion in these allotments. But the amount of information crammed into the volume is extraordinary, even though it does not compete with the monumental *History of Victorian Literature* by Professor Hugh Walker, only issued this year by the Cambridge Press, and now in its second edition.

A Book of Scoundrels

Of all the "young men" invented by the late W. E. Henley, Mr. Charles Whibley always seemed to me the most brilliant. In mere scholarship, of course, he surpassed the others; though that is not saying very much; for scholarship so often means a total inability to appreciate literature, ancient or modern. But Mr. Whibley is something of an Erasmus, and he can make the driest bones live. He is better known to a great many readers as a master of invective, "flouts jibes and jeers." It is when he praises (and he always praises with discrimination) that his real position in modern literature is easily recognised. Messrs. Constable have now re-issued, on beautiful paper, but in the most gloomy binding, three volumes that should take their place—I won't say a *high* place, for that looks as if you cannot read them, but an honoured place—in every library. *Studies in Frankness* (an unhappy title by the way) contains studies on classic writers that you are always discouraged from reading, Lucian, Apuleius, Petronius, the best possible reading, and Heliodorus the Bishop, who gave up his See rather than burn his novel, the *Æthiopica*. *The Pageant of Life* contains masterly studies of "Disraeli the Younger," Pepys, and, perhaps, the masterpiece of Beckford, "The Caliph of Fonthill," so utterly misrepresented by a recent biographer. Mr. Whibley is a sort of muscular Pater. *The Book of Scoundrels* attracts me least of all; I have known so many real ones in my life. Mr. Whibley appears to have only an armchair knowledge of crime. "He jests at scars who never felt a wound." As the Literary Tussaud, he is, however, delightful. But why, oh why, should Mr. Whibley appear in black cap like some puisne judge? I see him in red or purple, perhaps olive.

ROBERT ROSS.

Once in Order to Win a Wager

a man undertook to sell a certain number of Sovereigns for Shillings in a given time on London Bridge.

The public, however, didn't believe his offer, and passed on.

At length a person of a more venturesome turn of mind came along and risked a shilling. Then, when it was discovered that the sovereigns were sterling coin of the realm, there was such a run on the man's stock that it was rapidly sold out and his wager won.

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BY BALFOUR KER

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

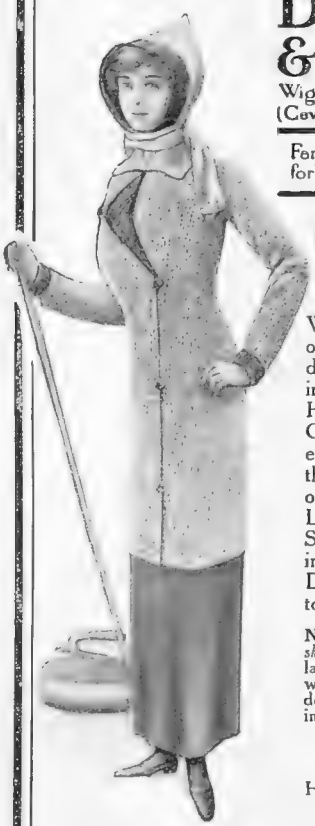
The Testimonial to Braid

Opportunity was taken on the occasion of the match between Miss Leitch and Mr. Hilton at Walton Heath to present to James Braid, the present champion, a testimonial marking the admiration of his many friends at the unique record he has set up in winning five Open Championships within the past decade. The testimonial took the form of a £200 cheque and an illuminated address setting out in fitting terms the great record accomplished by Braid. Those who were instrumental in drawing up this record are particularly to be congratulated on their feat in securing a photographic representation of every Open Champion since the inception of the great fixture in 1860. These photographs are set in a circle, with Braid's in the centre, at the top of the address. In bringing these photographs together the donors of the testimonial have added an immense historical interest to the document, which will doubtless remain a treasured heirloom in Braid's family. As I looked at some of these faded images of men whom I had seen in their prime or the late maturity of their powers, most of them gone to those Elysian fields from which there is no return, many memories came back to me. They seemed to me to have returned for a brief space to our busy world to greet the holder of the banner which each in his turn had borne aloft. One could imagine them a ghostly phalanx acclaiming their great successor. Well, it was a fine, if simple, ceremony, and the terms of the address speak volumes for the esteem in which the manly, modest, and kindly (to use the three admirably fitting epithets of the address) James Braid is held by all of us. But there is no necessity for me to emphasise this aspect of the occasion. Braid is so well known, and his sterling worth is so universally appreciated, that it is unnecessary to dilate further on his characteristics.

A Wonderful Record

But there is one small fact recorded on that scroll of Braid's which made most eloquent appeal to me. It is a small sum in arithmetic, which sets out an extraordinary standard of play. Adding the number of strokes played by Braid in his five Championships, and dividing the total by the number of holes, we get the amazing result that his average per hole is but a shade over 4 1-5th. All these Championships, except the first at Muirfield in 1901, have been achieved with the rubber-cored ball. It is at once a remarkable proof of Braid's brilliancy and steadiness, and of the ever-advancing standard of play. It marks a high, I dare not say a culminating, point in progress over a period of fifty years. Who shall say that the player may not yet appear whose record will outrival Braid's, and give us a series of Championship scores under an average of 4 per hole? No one, at any rate, may now hope to win that event who cannot keep his scores near the seventy-five mark.

ERNEST LEHMANN.



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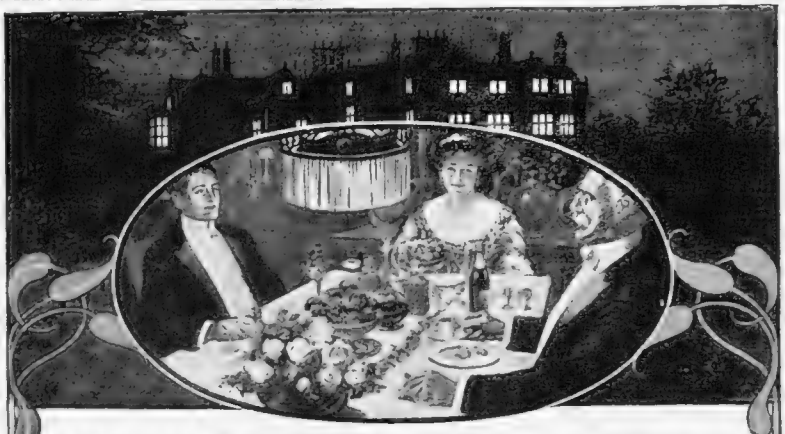

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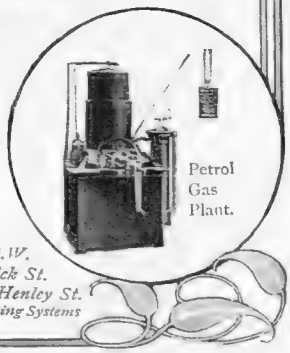

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Freshmen's Sports at Oxford: G. H. G. Shepherd (Pembroke) Winning the Strangers' Hundred Yards Handicap

Shepherd came up last year with a great reputation as a Freshman which he hardly justified until the other day when he won this race from scratch in the good time, considering the conditions, of 10 3-5th sec. R. R. Lange (Oklahama) won the Freshers' Hundred in the same time

ATHLETICS

Freshmen at the 'Varsities

The Freshmen's Sports at both 'Varsities last week were well up to the average. The best performances at Cambridge were H. A. Dubois's High Jump (5ft. 7in.) and R. R. Phillips's time for the Hurdles (16 4-5th sec.), which is a Freshmen's record for Cambridge. At Oxford, Rhodes Scholars were, as usual, prominent. W. A. Zeigler's (Iowa) put of 40ft. 5½in. has never been approached since the days of Coe, and R. Lange (Oklahama) won the sprint in good time (10 4-5th sec.), considering that there was a slight wind against the runners. Zeigler also won the Hammer. Other dual winners were J. H. Parry, who took the Long Jump and the Quarter, and W. F. Lutyens (a nephew of the famous miler), who won the Half and the Mile; while the Blue, G. R. L. Anderson, won the Strangers' Quarter from scratch, in spite of the fact that he got shut in at one of the bends, in the fine time of 51 3-5th sec.

H. A. Dubois (Fitzwilliam Hall)

Winner of the high jump at the Cambridge Freshmen's Sports with 5ft. 7in. He hails from Mount Abu High School, India

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Enter a Mediator

Is Mr. Norman Craig, K.C., destined to make history? This is one of the most interesting questions in the domain of sport at the present time. The prospect of a reconciliation between the F.A. and the A.F.A. has been discussed from time to time ever since the "split" occurred, but Mr. Craig is the first person who has come forward with a definite offer to act as mediator between the rival organisations, and with an outline of the terms upon which a reconciliation might be effected sufficiently defined, at any rate, to constitute a basis of negotiation. One of the ablest and busiest of the younger generation of King's Counsel, Mr. Craig is also known in sport as a yachtsman, a swimmer, and a good all-round man. He is, therefore, well qualified for the job which he is undertaking, and if anybody can carry it through I should say that he is the man. But there are great difficulties in the way, and perhaps the greatest of them is that the A.F.A. has justified its existence. In spite of the boycott, and of the ingenious, but only very partially successful, efforts of the F.A. to lure back from the ranks of the seceders the more prominent members of the "Old Boy" and 'Varsity Clubs, the A.F.A. has increased and multiplied.

Will He Succeed?

In plain English, I don't think the A.F.A. wants to "go back," and I don't see why it should, or what it can gain by so doing. Of course, it seems, on the face of it, a pity that one game should be under a divided control, but, as I have pointed out over and over again in THE BYSTANDER, there are two games of Association football, the professional game, which is purely a business, carried on by a number of clubs which are run as money-making concerns, and the amateur game, which is purely a sport, and is played for the sake of recreation. The F.A. is itself a limited company, and the majority of its officials are directors of other limited companies which run professional football teams with the object of making gate-money. They are not the sort of people whom the Public School and 'Varsity player wants to control the club to which he belongs. He wants to be governed by men like himself, who look upon football as a game, not as a means of livelihood. It was because of this that the A.F.A. was started. The F.A. has tried to kill it and failed. Many would doubtless be glad too see the boycott done away with, but, having proved that it can get along very comfortably in spite of it, the A.F.A. is hardly likely to surrender one iota of the liberty it has fought for and won.

RACING: The Derby Cup.

By CARBINE

A Personal Note

What can we answer the kindly correspondent who writes from Dunmaglass, Daviot, N.B., to say that he hopes to be able to recover what he has lost through following my selections? Well, really! It does not do to be thin-skinned, but I was under the impression that I had been giving a few winners lately. However, just to see whether our Scottish friend has any real grievance, I have been into the figures. Going back to the Doncaster meeting I find that I have had forty-one runners, with this result:

16 winners,
7 seconds,
5 thirds,
13 unplaced.

An investment of £10 on each of my selections during this period would have realised a clear profit of £210. What on earth is the gentleman from Daviot grumbling about?

Derby Prospects

On Friday the Derby Cup promises to be an extremely interesting affair. Here we have Last Call, who might have won the Cesarewitch but for meeting with an accident; Columbus, who was third in that race; and Elizabetta, who was just behind him there. All three are likely to be well fancied at Derby, and then there is Apache, not at all badly weighted on his best form, with Anchora, Hamerton, and one or two other useful outsiders. Altogether a pretty contest. I understand that Last Call is quite himself again, and this being so he looks to be well in the race. Taking a line through Admiral Togo, the colt ought to beat, at the weights, both Columbus and Elizabetta. I think, therefore, we shall be justified in looking for the success of **Last Call**. On Wednesday the Chesterfield Nursery presents its usual puzzle, but I fancy we shall be wise to give another chance to the **Derelict colt**, who was rather unlucky at Liverpool last week. For the Osmaston Nursery on Thursday my selection is **Marmalade**, and on the following day the **Tovaros colt** may win the Friary Nursery.

Frank Wootton

Racegoers are awaiting the decision of the Stewards of the Jockey Club in regard to this jockey with something more than interest—anxiety is surely the feeling now abroad. For if the lad gets a black mark on this occasion it must inevitably be incalculably damaging to his future. This is the third time he has been "carpeted," and if any charge were to go against him now it would mean a lengthy spell of enforced retirement from the scene of his triumphs. This would be of vital importance to Wootton in view of the fact that his usefulness may before long be considerably curtailed by increasing weight. Anyhow, we shall know all about it soon after these pages are printed. Meanwhile, Wootton's countless admirers will hope for the best.

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The Passing Show

Show time can always be relied upon to produce its crop of sensations. Either the manufacturer comes along with some constructional feature novel enough to attract the attention of the public in sufficient volume to make it the pivot around which topical talk may turn; or another, with a proper appreciation of the sweet uses of advertisement, will take advantage of the congenial atmosphere to spring a challenge, or make an attack, or in some other way endeavour to direct popular inquisitiveness to a particular commodity. That is very much the huckster's game in the market-place, glorified, it is true, and played in the finished manner that will offer no offence to culture, but it is the same game precisely. It is an expression, or certainly an acknowledgment, of that auto-activity new born with a new Motor Show, that eddies to the far confines of all Motordom. Because to-day the British exhibition has won to premier place in the consideration of the world, it is the Show that holds the best output of the principal factories of Europe, and in smaller degree of America; it is the centre of attraction of the automobile engineer of whatever nationality, and the principles and practice incorporated in the chassis staged are the subject of closest study by the technical expert and the keen layman alike. It is, therefore, quite in accordance with the fitness of things that the opportunities which so large a measure of awakened public interest present, should be utilised by manufacturers and others to bring their own articles into focus.

America's Business Wisdom

With much trumpeting, the threatened American invasion of our motor-car market is alleged to have happened. The best opportunity has been taken to bring the new cars into prominence. That is business wisdom, but it does *not* follow that the car, even the amazingly cheap car, will "make good," as they say in the land of its origin. I am most certainly not opposed to the cheap car, nor necessarily to the car of American origin. Indeed, I am disposed, for several reasons, to welcome such vehicles to this market. I believe that their presence in competition with our own output will have the effect of arousing the British manufacturer to the fact that a far larger field of demand than ever he has yet attempted to exploit awaits him. It will, or should, provide the incentive to a further and more thorough inquiry than has yet been made into the possibilities of a properly organised factory, adequately capitalised, and concentrating upon a single model of moderate power. And I can welcome, therefore, the competition that America can send us even upon patriotic grounds.

The Cheapness that is Dear

But having said so much, I am free to remark that cheapness is not all, nor even the first consideration. A man may have no more than £120 with which to satisfy his desire to become a motorist, but if he spends that sum upon a car because that car is priced at £120, he may, and probably will, have the best of causes for bitter reflection upon the intrinsic worth of a very perfect white elephant. I suggest, therefore, to any potential motorist whose ambition for possession may have been set alight by the news that at last a vehicle is available at a possible price (to him) that he take careful heed of the proposition that is being laid before him. I do not blame him if he strains at a £50

All Scots

The 20 h.p. Argyll, with the new touring body recently described, at the gate of Taymouth Castle, the Scottish seat of the Most Hon. the Marquis of Breadalbane

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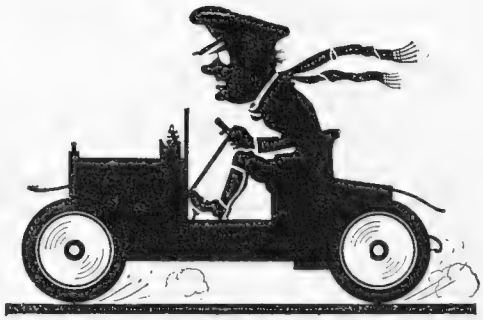

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GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Old-fashioned stone-built FAMILY HOUSE, with 144 acres of rich land. Price, £8,500. High situation, magnificent views; 2½ miles from main line station, same distance from well-known country town: 15 bed and dressing rooms, large reception rooms; square hall, ample offices; pleasure grounds, walled kitchen garden; hunting with 2 packs; golf links 1½ miles; shooting and fishing in district.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,714)

BURY ST. EDMUNDS (4 miles from).—The above genuine old GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE and about 100 ACRES for SALE at a reduced price, or would be LET, Unfurnished; grandly timbered surroundings, miniature park; stabling for 7, cottages, farm-buildings; old lawns and pleasure grounds, kitchen and fruit gardens: 15 bed and dressing rooms, large reception rooms, billiard hall; near station; first-class hunting, shooting, and social district.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,735)

BEAUTIFUL RURAL DISTRICT (although only about 12 miles from London, 1 mile from station with excellent service of trains to the City and West End).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, unusually well appointed throughout, and surrounded by beautiful grounds, gardens, woods, and grass lands of about 15 acres. Contains: handsome suite of reception rooms, billiard room, about 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices; water laid on, modern drainage; good stabling and outbuildings. UNDOUBTEDLY ONE OF THE CHOICEST PLACES OF ITS KIND NOW AVAILABLE.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,772)

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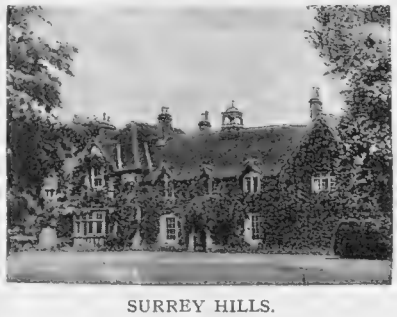

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BERKS (in the lovely district of BRACKNELL and ASCOT).—The above CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, WITH LOVELY OLD OAK-BEAMED CEILINGS, and
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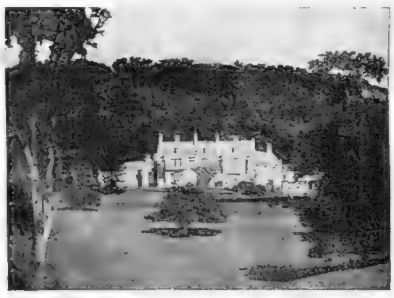

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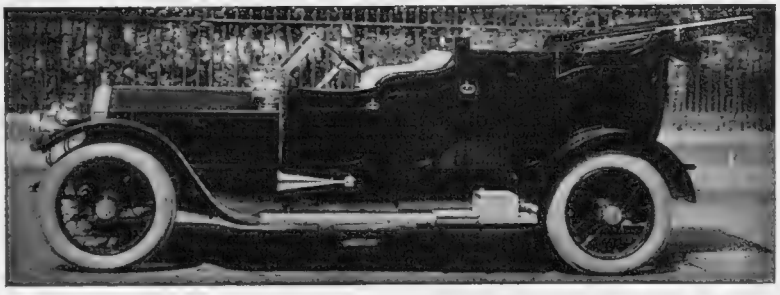

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the greatest invention of the age for women's comfort, are sold by Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists, in silver packets containing one dozen at 6*d.*; also manufactured under their improved Patents, 1*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, and 2*s.* A trial will immediately convince that there is no real substitute for these goods.

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Southalls' Protective Apron for use with Southalls' Sanitary Towels. Very light. Waterproof. Adaptable. Needs no adjustment. Very durable. Price 2*s.*

By Royal Appointment

Terisa

Pearls and Reconstructed Gems.

Monsieur TERISA begs to inform his clients that at his newly opened branch No. 8, New Bond Street, W., he is showing a wonderful selection of his Pearls and Reconstructed Gems, mounted only with genuine Diamonds in settings of 18-carat Gold and Platinum, of exquisite workmanship

TERISA'S Reconstructed Gems are composed of particles of genuine stones scientifically fused together.

TERISA Pearls possess the identical lustre, delicate tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

This Beautiful Collar is an exact Reproduction of a Genuine Pearl Collar. Our Price,

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The Clasp illustrated with Terisa Pearl surrounded with Genuine Diamonds costs

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We are daily adding our Pearls to Genuine Pearl Collars for ladies who wish to lengthen their own collars, or sometimes add six or seven large pearls in the centre. This work would cost fabulous sums if the pearls were genuine. When made up with ours the cost is small and the effect the same.

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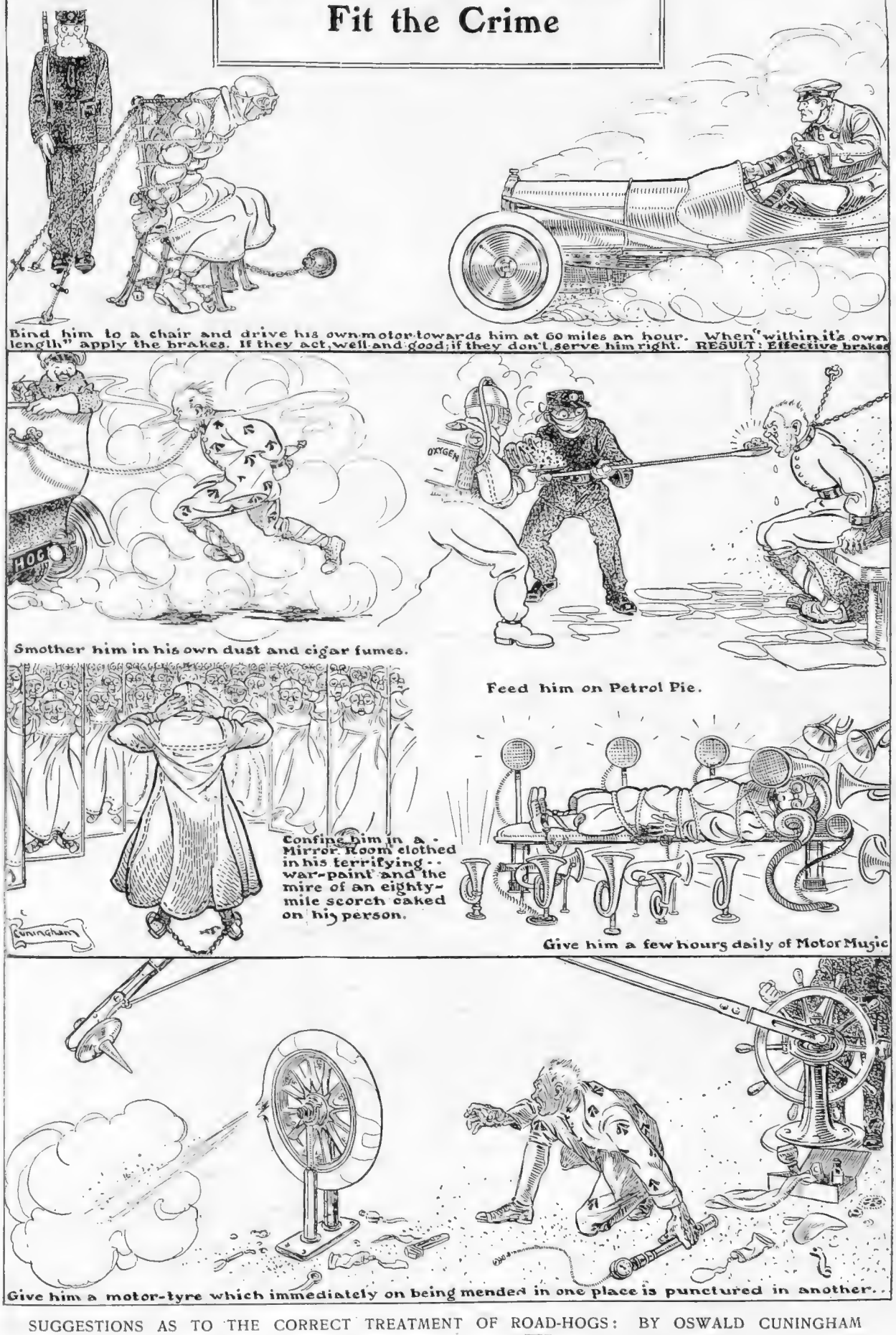
Making the Punishment Fit the Crime



SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE CORRECT TREATMENT OF ROAD-HOGS: BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

gnat because the attenuated purse may make that strain unavoidable; but I would, an I could, prevent him from swallowing what might easily prove something less desirable than the camel of the metaphor. We need not worry about the result of a "dump" at present. The dump has not yet happened. And, besides, a dumped automobile will never leave a mark upon anything except a scrap-heap unless it first of all conforms in its mechanical features to the requirements of local conditions, and in the second place possesses price advantages. If it should chance (and there *is* such a chance, however remote) to hold both trump cards, the matter becomes one for patriotism, commercial organisation, and, perhaps, governmental action. It may have to come to that, but—not yet. Nor have we need to talk fearfully about an American invasion.

The American Invasion

That invasion commenced quite a long time ago, and so far has not spelled anything faintly resembling disaster to our home industry. Rather the contrary—at any rate, to the extent I have endeavoured to indicate. The £200 Ford car (now £190, by the way) has merely demonstrated to us that a new market awaits us just whenever we like to tap it. If it should transpire that we cannot tap it, for the reason that we are unable to produce in large enough quantities without flooding the limited market available to us, then the Ford car leaves the home industry unaffected. Because I believe that the motorist will not buy a £200 car if he can afford a British £300 car, and considers that he has the difference in concrete and sentimental value. The position, therefore, settles down to this: either the £200 American car is operating in a field mainly foreign to us, or is acting as a stimulus to our own manufacturers to enter that field themselves. To that extent the American invasion is good. It is no worse than a French or a German invasion; while so far as the ultra cheap or dumped car is concerned, we can possess our souls in patience and wait to see what will happen. I have an idea—but that matter may be elaborated later.

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Mr. Willie du Cros was the first Englishman to cross the Channel in a dirigible. He came across in the Clement-Bayard, which has since been purchased by the Government

Miscellanea

Send for the new Goodrich tyre catalogue. It is neatly and artistically produced in colour upon a novel and very effective scheme, but sacrifices nothing of its utility as a price-list. Must be on the reference shelf of every motorist.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour uses a six-cylinder Noiseless Napier car. This is the eighth Napier car Mr. Balfour has owned. Napier cars are the best and entirely British-built.

HOBSON-POGNON PLUGS.—Their longevity is phenomenal. A user writes: "The plugs are fitted to a car which has run about 25,000 miles." Fit them to your car. BOUGIE-PGGNON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

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secured, at both the Brussels and Buenos Aires International Exhibitions, the Highest Possible Award, viz., the

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Replicas of these models, with all 1911 improvements, can be seen at Stand 53, Olympia Exhibition, Nov. 21 to 26, 1910.

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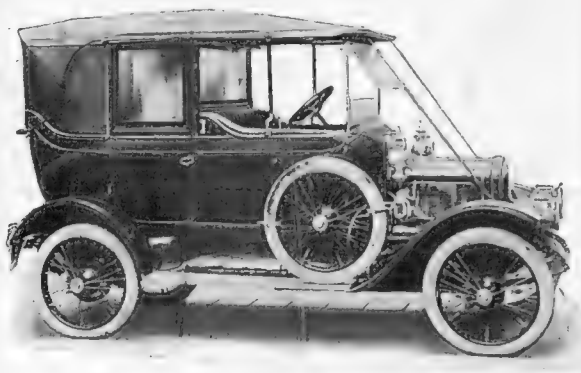
White Steam Car

You can always see such cars as this one if you come to see us.



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Tyres you sold me. They are, without doubt, the best we have used. I have one Limousine Cab that is a tyre eater, yet a Kempshall has already done 8,000 miles, and shows little wear; in fact, good enough for the like distance. We have decided to use no other on our cabs, as they are full of wear and a most efficient non-skid.

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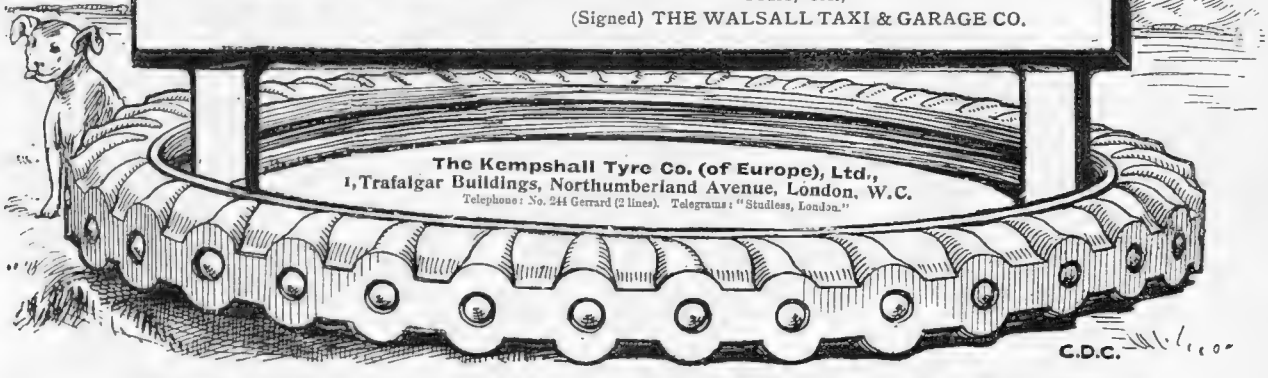
(Signed) THE WALSALL TAXI & GARAGE CO.



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Telephone: No. 244 Gerrard (2 lines). Telegrams: "Studless, London."

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prepare poor British Boys of good character for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.

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SOFT LEG HUNTING BOOTS.

Illustrated Booklet and Self-measurement Apparatus (Regd.) on application.

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PERMANENTLY CURED

by self-cured stammerer. Write for booklet of particulars and testimonials, post free, from Mr. A. C. SCHNELLE, 119, Bedford Court Mansions, London, W.C.

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The 'OBAN' MUFFLER

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The OBAN fits the neck to perfection; never rides up, never slips down. The Oban is Knitted from finest Egyptian Cotton, and retains a lustre like finest silk, even after repeated washings.

An ideal protection for the throat and chest. "Oban" Neck Sizes, 13, 14, 15, and 16 inches.

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If any difficulty in obtaining, write to Dept. N., A. MACDOUGALL & Co., Ltd., LANARK, N.B.

The Guarantee.
If your Omne Gempus fails to keep out the wet—we will take it back.
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THE ONLY RUBBERLESS RAINCOAT WITH A GUARANTEE

WINTER WEIGHT COATS from **45/-**

Ready for wear in all sizes and styles, or made to order. Patterns free. Coats sent on :: approval. ::

The sole property of the designers of the new Regulation Officers' Waterproof recently sealed by the Army Council:—

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65/7, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Or from country agents.
List of names on request.

By MRS. JACK MAY

HAVING settled down into the stride of Autumnal-Winter fashions, two pronounced fancies stand prominently to the fore. The one is the vogue for swirling draperies, turned up at the back, *laveuse* fashion, and the other is the extravagantly deep application of lace carried perfectly flat across the front of a shirt beneath some diaphanous veiling. In some instances this trimming becomes something of a futile superfluity, save when viewed at close quarters. But the autocratic dame who rules our modistic destinies is just now full of such coquettish vagaries, before which we must perforce bow.

Never has there been a moment, however, more prolific in opportunities for using up short lengths of good lace without resorting to the sacrilege of the scissors. The *cachet* of many a hat rests on a morsel of real old lace, either laid flat on the brim or, if it be of the soft, filmy order, gathered up into a *chou* and drawn through some large buckle. Collectors of old lace, who would fain now and again enjoy the decorative value of these treasures on their person, have, indeed, their moment, for ingenuity is rife with suggestions for tasteful disposal. It is simply incredible how many of the soft little lace corsages are modelled absolutely in one piece, frequently supported on some fitted *doublure* of flesh-coloured chiffon. This manœuvring of uncut lace, indeed, as someone suggests, equals in fascination the Jig-Saw puzzle craze, and should help to clear the accumulated stock of ages at houses where rare *dentelles* are a special feature. With Christmas gifts looming large in the offing, I proffer the suggestion of short lengths of lace for all that it is worth, and only refrain with difficulty from drawing invidious comparisons.

The Artistic "Rosetti" Coiffure
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

The Rosetti Coiffure

The importance of the coiffure, with its attendant decorations, waxes stronger and stronger every month. The grotesque abounds, chiefly engendered by the broad, surgical-like bandage of ribbon. On the other hand, there are heads practically guiltless of any ornamentation, and which depend for their success on silhouette. And of such is the artistic coiffure pictured by Mrs. Dorothy Millar, a vogue that is creeping to the fore under the auspices of the elect.

Around are shown a few typical hair adjuncts of the moment, including the quasi-Juliet cap of black velvet, trellised over with *dimanté*. Beneath comes a gracefully manipulated *filet* of gold tissue, a particularly *chic* bandeau of twisted tulle concluding at the one side in a jewelled feather. While the fourth suggestion comprises a chaplet of gold and silver tissue leaves stitched with tiny flat sequins, placed one over the other round the edge.

Gowns Made by Paquin for the "Quaker Girl"

Everybody is talking this week of the *Quaker Girl* and Mlle. Canmont in one breath. For this extraordinarily clever, arresting little French lady, Paquin has designed a beautiful evening toilette of old-gold, enhanced by a handsome embroidery executed in long gold bugles, *perles*, and gold cord, suggesting a bold scroll design. One side of the corsage, with its sleeve, is of embroidered chiffon, and the other of fine gold lace, encrusted with embroidery, while over the upper part of the skirt there hangs a tunic of white and gold brocade, hemmed with a band of dark fur. And with this gown, which she carries off to perfection, Mlle. Canmont wears a long scarf of black net spangled with gold, an altogether delightful *ensemble*.

The eye has seldom been regaled with a more beautiful colour-scheme than the evening gown adopted by Miss Legrand. The general impression given is the full green of the poppy-leaf, effected in chiffon, embroidered in *perles* and crystals of the same hue. The only relief occurs about the *décolletage*, in a

The LONDON CORSET Co.

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We are Corset Experts, and there is not a figure that we cannot fit and improve. Our Corsets are of the finest materials and workmanship, and the wear of every pair is guaranteed.

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Made of the very finest Silk Tricot, and being scarcely boned, it is absolutely perfect by the perfection of its cut. It is extremely light; fits like a sheath; permanently retains it shape. In fact, whilst avoiding exaggeration, we can say it is ideal from hygienic and other standpoints.

£6 6s.

Corsets in every type, style, price, and material kept in stock.

THE LONDON CORSET CO. guarantee the wear of all their Corsets.

Sent on approval upon receipt of satisfactory references.

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BY ELECTRICITY, PETROL-GAS, AND ACETYLENE.

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The Property of J. Miller, Esq., where we have recently installed a complete **Electric** Light installation under our Special Systems.

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LONDON - - 66b, Victoria Street, S.W.
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SHOOLBRED'S

Perfect Fitting Shirt.

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We illustrate one of the new pretty Models, a fully tucked Shirt in British washing silk. It has a smartly shaped "stock" collar finished with a Rabat, dark ground with white stripes. Sets of patterns sent free. **10/9**

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

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Ladies who wish to obtain blouses and veilings of exclusive patterns, should visit Madame Sanger's showrooms at 36, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, where they will find an unequalled stock of these articles at prices which are no more than those charged at the "popular" drapers. Madame Sanger's stock of veilings is the largest in London.

M. SANGER, 36, SLOANE St., S.W.

TRIAL OFFER

On receipt of 3d. stamps Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., will send, post free, a small trial jar of "SKIN FOOD" and one Pomeroy Shampoo Powder.

KEEP YOUR "GOOD LOOKS"

Use Pomeroy Skin Food daily, as directed. Pomeroy Skin Food cleanses, softens, and feeds the Skin. It gives tone to the Complexion, charms away wrinkles, rounds out the contours, and is, in fact, the greatest, surest aid to the preservation and enhancement of "good looks" yet discovered.

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chemisette tucker and sleeves of Alençon lace, the soft folds of the green chiffon over-bodice melting at the waist into satin draperies, which are carried back over the hips, in quasi-pannier fashion, concluding in long sash ends either side the back, that are looped up on to the skirt. The embroidery on this gown is singularly beautiful, being broken here and there by large uncut emeralds, Miss Legrand also completing her toilette with a scarf of silver net, the ends caught together with sprays of orchids, an adjunct that adds not a little to the tender mystery of the creation.

Miss Elsie Spain's Dress

A veritable dream of poetic fancy is the dress designed for Miss Elsie Spain, a scheme of white and shell-like pink, a roseate tint that deepens at the hem of the skirt to a rose-petal shade. At either side the straight panel draperies are slit up to reveal an embroidery of raised *perle* and silver embroidery, wrought on fine silver net, the corsage being fashioned at one side, together with the accompanying sleeve, of white *mousseline de soie*, hemmed with long tear-shaped *perles*, and at the other of white satin inset with *perle* and silver embroidery, these merging in soft, folded draperies at the waist, the ubiquitous scarf finding expression in pale pink tulle and silver embroidery.

While for Mlle. Palerme there has been devised a fascinating inspiration of pale mauve chiffon, over a skirt of mauve *crêpe de chine* hemmed up with an exceedingly deep, rich silver lace, a note of contrast that is taken up in an embroidery of silver *perles*, mingled with mauve *perles*, introduced round the *décolletage*, while round the hem of the classical tunic of chiffon there is carried a fringe of disc-like ornaments, worked in mauve silk cords, which is repeated at the edge of the sleeves.

Replete with originality and a wealth of delicate detail, the picture is fitly completed by a ravishing scarf of mauve net, the ends drawn into a deep hem of mauve satin, ornamented with garlands of pompadour roses.

A Delightful Evening Gown Worn by Miss Nancy Price in "A Single Man" at the Playhouse

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

A Typical Evening Gown of the Moment Worn by Miss Nancy Price in "A Single Man" at the Playhouse

The soft, shimmery appearance of this gown is not the least of its many attractions, the under-dress of palest pink satin giving the very tenderest tone to the over-dress of white tulle, embroidered to an extreme depth at the hem with an embroidery wrought in silver bugles and beads. The bodice, which is a mass of this embroidery, is curiously soft and shapeless, the sleeves falling quite free of the arms. But the real *pièce de résistance* is the high belt of begonia-pink satin, from which there falls at the back a wide single sash-end of the same satin, concluding in a deep, knotted, white silk fringe, that has a silvery shimmer. Needless to say, Miss Nancy Price wears this elegant toilette with all her accustomed aplomb.

By an unfortunate error, in describing the dresses in our issue, November 2, worn by Miss Mary Moore in *The Liars*, the name of Martial et Armand was given as the creators of these beautiful gowns, whereas, Doeuillet, 25, Albemarle Street, were the *couturières* responsible. And to Doeuillet I tender my most sincere apologies, proffering, at the same time, sincere congratulations on the exceeding elegance and charm of their exquisite confections.

Footwear as it is Expounded by The Raoul Shoe Co., 195, Regent Street

Footgear, as I have frequently found occasion to point out in these pages, is nowadays an obsession. Up to ten years ago or thereabouts, the average Englishwoman held very hazy opinions indeed as to the importance of being correctly corseted and shod. The custom prevailed of buying both these potent adjuncts of the toilette quite casually anywhere and anyhow, and supply of a better condition of things stood still for lack of demand. There were some, however, whose aspirations soared ahead, and for these a journey to Paris was the one and only alternative. But we are

rapidly changing all that, and although several countries have entered the arena of late years, we still look to Paris for the first indications of any change in fashion, and also for superiority of workmanship. The finish accorded French boots and shoes is so fine, added to which there is that extraordinary *cachet* it is impossible to define, and which it seems the sole prerogative of the French to supply.

A house accounted of great repute is Raoul, a firm which own some fifty shops in France, and who are now on the eve of opening up a depôt in London. This is admirably situated, so all may go and judge for themselves — always the most satisfactory proceeding — the high grade quality of Raoul's productions, and learn at the same time the extreme moderation of the price. Messrs. Raoul have compiled a catalogue, which they will be pleased to send to anyone unable to visit the showrooms, and since they have arrived at the psychological moment, are assured of achieving *un grand succès*. Evidence of the styles they affect appear alongside.

Some Styles in Footwear at Messrs. Raoul

New Year's Eve in London

Although it seems a far cry to New Year's Eve, the popularity of that festivity has such a strong hold on the public that seats are already being booked in large numbers at the various restaurants which celebrate it. At the Savoy there is evidence of a great muster, and although there will be, owing to recent additions, more space this year than previously, every seat is likely to be occupied, judging from the present list of applications.

The Menu: SEASONABLE SOUPS

Winter is upon us, and, with its arrival, housekeepers who have not already done so will be wise to start a "stock-pot" and imitate our French neighbours, where the "pot-au-feu" holds an important place. The meat used is not expensive—it is only leg of beef; but, as it is not very fat, it is a good thing to have a quarter of a marrow-bone to stew with it. To each pound of meat allow a quart of water, and let all simmer slowly for six hours. For the vegetables allow for each pound of meat two carrots, one turnip, four leeks, a slice of parsnip, an onion stuck with two cloves, a sprig of celery, and what the French call a "bouquet," consisting of one bay-leaf, a few sprigs of parsley and chervil, a little salt and pepper. When the soup has boiled the necessary time, strain the vegetables and the bouillon left forms a good soup. Next day put on meat and any bones, etc., that may be left, adding fresh vegetables. This second stock forms a basis for all sorts of vegetable soups, macaroni, tomato, etc.

Cream of Beetroot Soup

Wash, boil, and peel a beetroot, and boil one small onion; slice them both. Place in a pan with one quart of well-flavoured gravy soup. Simmer till the onion is quite tender. Season to taste. Strain off the soup, which should be clear and a nice pink colour. Serve very hot, and hand some plain thick cream in a sauceboat with the soup.

Tomato Soup

Boil 1lb. of tomatoes in a pint of water. When cooked squeeze (with the water) through a sieve. Put 2oz. of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add a tablespoonful of flour. Boil for a few minutes, then gradually add the tomato purée and half a pint of milk. Mix well, and boil all up together. It should be of the consistency of cream. Serve fried dice of bread with the soup.

Thick Oxtail Soup

Thick oxtail soup makes an excellent luncheon on a cold day. Cut an oxtail into pieces at each joint. Wash well in cold water, and put in a stewpan with about two quarts of water, two carrots, two turnips, two onions, salt and pepper, two cloves, and some herbs tied in a muslin bag. Bring it to the boil and simmer for three hours. Take out the meat, strain and stand until next day. Then skim off the fat, put into a stewpan, add a large tablespoonful of arrowroot, previously mixed smooth, and a glass of sherry. Stir until it boils, then put in the pieces of oxtail, and it will be ready to serve.

Chestnut Soup

Slit ¾lb. of chestnuts, boil them fast for ten minutes, and then skin them. Have ready one quart of good white stock, which has been seasoned, put in an enamelled saucepan, add the chestnuts, and simmer till tender. Rub all through a sieve, return to the saucepan, bring to the boil, and, the if a rich soup is required, just before serving stir in a gill of cream. EMILIA.

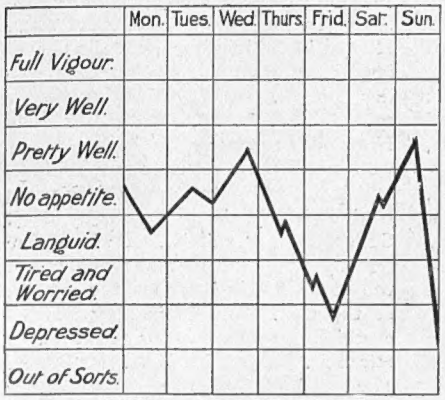
Cause and Effect

account for all the phenomena of the universe. The great law of cause and effect rules everything, from our simplest actions to the most intricate works of man. In the case of Christmas puddings, mince pies, and other delicious sweets, the palatable effect is caused by currants. Currants contain an abundance of natural grape sugar, the finest and most nourishing of nature's sweets, and are the primary cause of the attractive flavour in those confections. Try the effect of currants in other dishes. Currants can be used in countless ways with benefit to health, pleasure to the taste, and economy in the household budget. Many of the ways of using currants are contained in a useful little currant recipe book, which your grocer will give you free of any charge.

THE DANGER OF NEGLECTED ILL-HEALTH

MR. SANDOW'S IMPORTANT OFFER

MUCH that has proved of the greatest value to the public from the health point of view has been published in connection with Mr. Eugen Sandow and the work of his Institute for the cure of illness without medicine, and the health message which is conveyed on this page to-day deals with one of the most important health questions in relation to individual sufferers—*i.e.*, the peril of procrastination.



A WEEK'S HEALTH CHART
of the average man or woman who does not enjoy perfect health on any day during the week. The health of a person perfectly well should run in a perfectly straight line in the top section, a condition which can be secured by taking the Sandow treatment

The most dangerous thing any man or woman can do is to neglect even the slightest symptom of ill-health, treating it as a matter which if left will cure itself and pass away. It is by this negligence that chronic illness is deliberately invited, and the seeds of incurable disease are sown. No symptom of indisposition is too trifling to merit immediate attention.

Whilst the Sandow treatment is in no sense a cure-all, there is no doubt that in particular it will be found a great boon to all those who suffer from complaints which are nowadays so difficult to avoid and yet so hard to cure when once contracted.

In this scheme of remedy medicines have no place. The remedy consists of putting into action those natural forces which exist in every human machine. This system does not and cannot aim at curing organic diseases—*i.e.*, such diseases as Cancer, Kidney Disease, etc. It is confined to what are known as organic disorders—temporary and preventable derangements of such functions as respiration, digestion, circulation, etc. It is these wholly unnecessary and wholly preventable disorders that are responsible for the larger proportion of deaths in these islands.

Weak hearts, weak backs, curved spines, obesity, uric acid complications, indigestion, constipation, nervous disorders, weak chests, and other physical deficiencies, indeed too many illnesses to name here, can be remedied by scientific exercises.

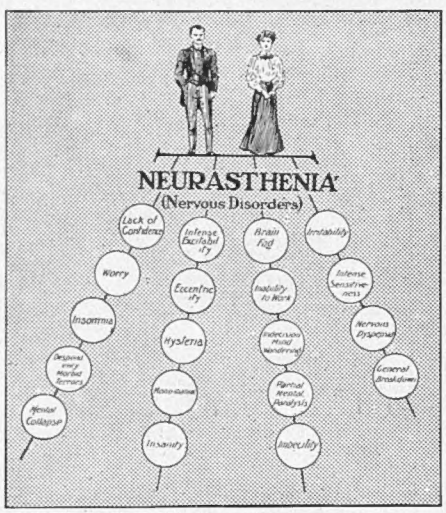
Although you are ill and ailing now you can be made as strong and vigorous as the healthiest man or woman alive. What has been done for others in the restoration of health can be done for you. Upon this point you have this to carry conviction. The Sandow System of Scientific Exercise cures 94 in every 100 cases treated, and gives substantial relief in 99 in every 100 cases.

Surely the treatment which records so high a percentage of successful results is worthy of investigation by every man or woman in ill-health, particularly as there is no charge for making inquiry, and because the cost of the treatment is so moderate as to be within the means of all. A full explanation of the application of Scientific Exercise to the various forms of illnesses in which it has proved so highly beneficial is given in the health books referred to below, and it is made clear how and why the treatment can with the greatest benefit be taken by sufferers of all ages and either sex at small cost in their own homes.

All whose health leaves room for improvement are invited to call and talk their case over, or write, mentioning THE BYSTANDER, to Mr. Sandow, at his Institute, 32, St. James' Street, Piccadilly, London, S.W., asking for a gratis copy of the book in his illustrated Health Library.

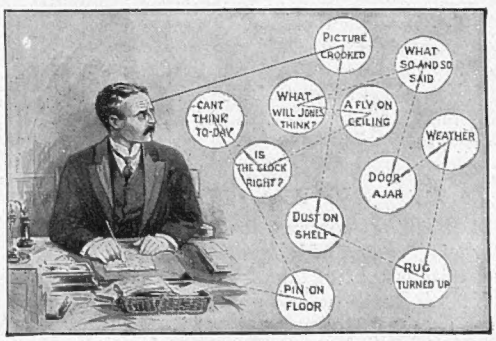
The Titles of the Books are:—

1. **Indigestion and Dyspepsia**
2. **Constipation and its Cure**
3. **Liver Troubles**
4. **Nervous Disorders in Men**
5. **Nervous Disorders in Women**
6. **Obesity in Men**
7. **Obesity in Women**
8. **Heart Affections**
9. **Lung and Chest Complaints**
10. **Rheumatism and Gout**
11. **Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure**
12. **Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic**
13. **Lack of Vigour**
14. **Physical Deformities in Men**
15. **Physical Deformities in Women**
16. **Functional Defects in Speech**
17. **Circulatory Disorders**
18. **Skin Disorders**
19. **Physical Development for Men**
20. **Everyday Health**
21. **Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments**
22. **Figure Culture for Women**
23. **Insomnia**
24. **Neurasthenia**



THE ROAD TO NERVOUS COLLAPSE
The different effects of neglected nervous disorders in either man or woman depicted stage by stage until the final result is reached. Any of the volumes mentioned on this page which deal with nervous disorders will show how they may be prevented and cured by Sandow's Scientific Exercise

Those who also send particulars of age, occupation, illness from which relief is required etc., will receive a personal opinion upon the suitability of their cases for treatment by this method.



ARE YOU A MIND-WANDERER?
This chart depicts the unfortunate condition of the man or woman who suffers from brain fag, and is unable to concentrate thought upon the matter of immediate importance. It is a condition arising from several causes, as is explained in the books referred to in this column, from which sufferers are invited to choose the book which deals with their particular illness

The Editor's Box

Shaftesbury Theatre

The 550th performance of *The Arcadians* has been passed, and there is no reason why it should not reach its 1,050th. The piece has been charmingly redressed. Miss Florence Smithson, a beautiful singer and a very clever actress, and Mr. Alfred Lester, one of the few British comedians who are really funny, remain the stars of a very entertaining musical mixture.

Aldwych Theatre

Those who have delayed in seeing *The Bad Girl of the Family* must hurry up now, for the last weeks of this remarkably successful play are announced. The 400th performance was celebrated on Tuesday, November 1.

The Lord Mayor's Show

Those who witnessed the Lord Mayor's Procession may have noticed the beautiful horses which drew the Lord Mayor's coach. It is interesting to learn that Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, of Holborn, E.C., kindly lent the magnificent wheelers from their well-known stud.

Eley Cartridges

Nearly a quarter of a century prior to the introduction of the breech-loader, long before a combined shot and powder cartridge was ever thought of; indeed, in those dim days when the "cartridge" was nothing more than a charge of shot, rolled up with bone-dust in a wire and paper cage, the name "Eley" was in this connection a name to conjure with. When, with the advent of the breech-loader, Eley Brothers began to make cartridge cases, a single page catalogue, illustrating about a dozen different types, covered the whole ground. The Eley catalogue for 1910, with its hundreds of shot-gun and rifle cartridges, from the tiny rim-fire pistol cartridge to the ·600 bore cartridges for big game, provides a lesson eloquent of progress. The proprietary names of "Aquoid," "Zenith," "Ejector," "Achilles," and "Eloid" apply to Messrs. Eley Brothers' higher-priced cartridges, whilst among the cheaper brands the "Acme," "Ecar," "Mars," and "Pluto" are rightly popular. A comparison of samples secured from their factory with those bought haphazard from retailers demonstrates in the most convincing manner the uniformity of Eley excellence.

A Promising New Zealand Brewery

In striking contrast to the discouraging reports of many of the home breweries is that of Hancock and Co., of New Zealand—one of the oldest and most successful concerns in that fair land of promise. At the annual meeting recently held in London a most favourable report of the past year's trading was rendered by the chairman, whose faith both in the future of the Dominion, and of Hancock and Co. in particular, is fully borne out by the published reports of the various Government departments. With a capital of £150,000 divided into 75,000 ordinary and 75,000 preference shares bearing interest at 6 per cent., Hancock and Co. are known locally as the "Bass of New Zealand"—a name, by the way, it well merits if only on account of the excellence of its productions. According to the last profit and loss account, a sum of £31,265 was available for distribution, which, after allowing for the preference dividend, debenture interest, depreciation, etc., permitted of a dividend of 7 per cent. on the ordinary shares. The sum of £5,000 was placed to general reserve and £6,327 carried forward to next account.

The Atlantic Steamship Athletic Association Cricket League Challenge Cup

This handsome trophy, presented by Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart., K.C.V.O., is in the form of a vase, having projections at each side, upon which stand finely modelled figures, that on one side being a replica of Bartoldi's Statue of Liberty, and the other that of Britannia. A cricket scene chased in bold relief is placed on the reverse panel, the front having the following inscription engraved: "Atlantic Steamship Athletic Association Cricket League Challenge Cup, presented by Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart., K.C.V.O., 1910." The pedestal is of ebonised wood, having silver plaques formed of lifebuoys with crossed bats and stumps for engraving the winners' names. The trophy was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

Four Indispensable Toilet Articles

I refer to Ileita Cream, Ileita Face Powder, Ileita Soap, and Ileita Hop and Rosemary Tonic. These are all manufactured by the Ileita Company, 14, Upper George Street, W., and the first three items form a complete toilet outfit, and may be obtained for 5*s.* 9*d.* Ileita Cream (2*s.* 9*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*) is deliciously soothing and most effective in cases of dry eczema, irritable skin, or face blemishes of any description. For motoring or hunting, when the face is exposed to dust or cold winds, it will be found invaluable, and will prevent chapping. Ileita Face Powder (2*s.* per box) is prepared in natural shades, and is absolutely pure. I would advise its use in conjunction with the Cream. It would be difficult to surpass Ileita Soap (1*s.* per tablet) as a toilet soap. If used in conjunction with the Cream it will be found to hasten the cure of dry eczema. It is specially made for sensitive and irritable skins. The Hop and Rosemary Tonic is a really wonderful preparation for the hair, and it has a reputation of thirty years behind it. It is prepared by Mrs. Cullen, hair specialist. It is a fine remedy for dandruff and weakness of the scalp, and stimulates the growth of the hair. The tonic may be had especially prepared for white and fair hair. The price is 6*s.* per bottle. The Ileita Company manufacture many more equally useful and helpful articles, which I have not the space here to mention, but would advise my readers to apply for a booklet containing all information.

Victoria Street Improvement

The new system of lighting Victoria Street by high-pressure gas-lamps has now been completed, and the Westminster City Council are to be heartily congratulated on the result. The many thousands of visitors to London who arrive at the Victoria stations cannot fail to receive a favourable impression of the metropolis if their first experience is to be driven along Victoria Street after dark—or, rather, one should say, after sun-down, for the new lamps, each of 2,000 candle-power, have entirely banished darkness from what was previously a rather gloomy thoroughfare. When the installation of modern gas-lamps has been completed in Regent Street, Pall Mall, Piccadilly Circus, and Shaftesbury Avenue, London will make a far better comparison with Berlin and Paris in the matter of street lighting than ever before.

A Book for Investors

Dr. J. Beattie Crozier, who has won a reputation as philosopher and man of letters both in Canada and in this country, has recently published, through the *Financial Review of Reviews*, a book which is likely to take a front place among works which bring under discussion the economic principles upon which sound investment is based. He especially deals with the difficulties attending the placing of capital in investments which shall be secured against depreciation in whatever conditions the stock markets of the world may be placed by political or commercial occurrences. To bank directors and students of banking affairs his chapter on banks is attractive, because it opens up new phases of the value of bank shares as compared with insurance companies' shares. In some points the author is rather diffuse, but this does not detract from the soundness of the work.